THE WORKS OF PATRICK BRANWELL BRONTË

Volume 3, 1837–1848

Edited by
Victor A. Neufeldt

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Volume 5

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To Audrey

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LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS

Alexander CB	*An Edition of the Early Writings of Charlotte Brontë*, vols. I and II, ed., Christine Alexander, Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1987 and 1991
Alexander EW	*The Early Writings of Charlotte Brontë*, by Christine Alexander, Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1983
Alexander & Sellars	*The Art of the Brontës*, by Christine Alexander and Jane Sellars, Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1995
Barker Brontës	*The Brontës*, by Juliet Barker, London: Weidenfeld and Nicholson, 1994
Berg	Berg Collection, New York Public Library
BL: Ashley	British Library: Ashley Collection
BPM: Bon	Brontë Parsonage Museum: Bonnell Collection
BPM: BS	Brontë Parsonage Museum: Brontë Society's Collection
Brotherton	Brotherton Collection, Brotherton Library, University of Leeds
Flintoff	"Some Unpublished Poems of Branwell Brontë," by Everard Flintoff, *Durham University Journal*, LXXXI (June 1989), 241-52
Gérin BB	*Branwell Brontë*, by Winifred Gérin, London: Hutchinson & Co., 1967
Grundy	*Pictures of the Past*, by F. H. Grundy, London: Griffith and Farrar, 1879
Houghton	The Houghton Library, Harvard University
HRC	Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center, University of Texas, Austin

Leyland	*The Brontë Family, with Special Reference to Patrick Branwell Brontë*, by Francis Leyland, 2 vols, London: Hurst and Blackett, 1886
Leyland Letters	*A Complete Transcript Of The Leyland Manuscripts Showing The Unpublished Portions From The Original Manuscripts*, by J. Alex. Symington and C. W. Hatfield, Privately printed, 1925
Neufeldt PBB	*The Poems of Patrick Branwell Brontë*, ed., Victor A, Neufeldt, New York: Garland Publishing Inc., 1990
Neufeldt PCB	*The Poems of Charlotte Brontë*, ed., Victor A. Neufeldt, New York: Garland Publishing Inc., 1985
Neufeldt PBB Works	*The Works of Patrick Branwell Brontë*, vols. I & II, ed., Victor A. Neufeldt, New York: Garland Publishing Inc., 1997 and 1999
PML	Pierpont Morgan Library, New York
Ratchford Papers	The papers of the late Fannie E. Ratchford at the HRC, containing notes, transcriptions and correspondence
SHB LL	*The Brontës: Their Lives, Friendships, and Correspondence*, (The Shakespeare Head Edition), ed., Thomas J. Wise and John Alexander Symington, 4 vols., Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1932
Smith Letters	*The Letters of Charlotte Brontë*, 2 vols., ed., Margaret Smith, Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1995
Symington Papers	Correspondence, news clippings and other materials, mainly concerned with the publication of the SHB (BPM)
Taylor	Taylor Collection, Princeton University Library
Wise Collection	The Stockett-Thomas J. Wise Collection, Special Collections Division, Library of the University of British Columbia.

INTRODUCTION

On October 2, 1848, the day after Branwell's funeral, Charlotte wrote to W. S. Williams, her reader at Smith Elder:

> I do not weep from a sense of bereavement . . . but for the wreck of talent, the ruin of promise, the untimely dreary extinction of what might have been a burning and shining light. My brother was a year my junior. I had aspirations and ambitions for him once—long ago—they have perished mournfully . . . . There is such a bitterness of pity for his life and death—such a yearning for the emptiness of his whole existence as I cannot describe (SHB LL, II, 261).

Even in her bereavement, it is surely strange for Charlotte to describe Branwell's whole existence as empty, unless she was completely ignorant of his literary activities from about 1838 on—the last ten years of his life. Astonishing as it may seem, this appears to have been the case. There is no indication whatever that Charlotte or any other member of the family was aware that Branwell had published both poetry and prose, nor of his communications with Hartley Coleridge regarding the translations of Horace's Odes. It should be remembered, however, that all but one of Branwell's publications appeared under the pseudonym "Northangerland," and when his friend Joseph Leyland in 1842 advised him to publish under his own name, Branwell replied, "Northangerland has so long wrought on in secret and silence, that he dare not take your kind encouragement in the light in which vanity would prompt him to do" (Leyland Letters, p. 15). Thus, while his close friend knew of his publications, Branwell seems not to have had the courage to publish under his own name, or to divulge his activities to his family, especially to the one person to whom presumably such success would have meant so much.

Charlotte passed her view of Branwell's utter failure on not only to Ellen Nussey and W. S. Williams, but also to Mrs. Gaskell and to Harriet Martineau (Barker, Brontës, 568, 775). That view was given immediate reinforcement by Mrs. Gaskell's publication of her *Life of Charlotte* in 1857 and even earlier by Matthew Arnold with the publication of his poem "Haworth Churchyard" in May 1855 in *Fraser's Magazine*. His lines on Branwell read:

> Of one, too, I have heard
> A brother—sleeps he here?
> Of all that gifted race
> Not the least gifted; young
> Unhappy, eloquent—the child
> Of many hopes, of many tears.
> O boy, if here thou sleep'st, sleep well!
> On Thee too did the Muse
> Bright in thy cradle smile;
> But some dark shadow came
> (I know not what) and interposed

"But some dark shadow came . . . and interposed"—even if in 1855 Arnold did not know the cause, his lines clearly imply the effect: Branwell had squandered the gifts he had been granted and had failed to fulfill the promise of the Muse's bright smile. It is a view that was not seriously challenged until the beginning of the 1990's.

But had he? What were his aspirations and how close did he come to achieving them? What does the record contained in these three volumes—the first compilation of all his known work—reveal?

The quantity of material Branwell left behind is far larger than anyone, myself included, had suspected before I published the bibliography of Branwell's manuscripts in 1993: volume one, covering 1827-33, totals 492 pages; volume two, covering 1834-36, totals 715 pages; and volume three, covering 1837–48, totals 561 pages. There is actually more, for a sizeable portion of the prose and several poems have been lost. And I have not included Branwell's letters.

From the age of 11 on Branwell saw himself as a published author and editor. He saw himself as a critic, dramatist, historian, conversationalist, editor, publisher, but pre-eminently as a poet—in short as the great man of letters he saw exemplified by Christopher North and James Hogg in *Blackwood's Magazine*, particularly in the "Noctes Ambrosianae." At the age of 18, on hearing of Hogg's death, he wrote to the editor of *Blackwood's*:

> He and others like him gave your Magazine the peculiar character which made it famous:—As these men die it will decay, unless thier places be supplied by others like them.—Now Sir, to you I appear writing with conceited assurance,—but I am not—for I know myself so far as to beleive in my own originality; and on that ground I desire of you admittance into your ranks; And do not wonder that I apply so determinedly, for the remembrances I spoke of, have fixed you and your Magazine in such a manner upon my mind that the Idea of striving to aid another periodical is horribly repulsive. My resolution is to devote my ability to you, and for God's sake, till you see wether or not I can serve you do not so coldly refuse my aid. All, sir, that I desire of you is—that you would in answer to this letter request a specimen or specimens of my writing, and I even wish that you would name the subject on which you would wish me to write (SHB LL, I, 133-34).

Like Charlotte, he believed that he had been called to a life of literature, though clearly not with the modest aspirations she expresses in her poem "The Violet." Most of his early manuscripts up to the end of 1835 are "published" works;[1] by the end of 1837 (age 20) he had put together three "collected" manuscript volumes of poems, and after major disasters/crises, such as the Bradford failure, the dismissals at Broughton-in-Furness, Luddenden Foot, and Thorp Green, he tried to redeem himself with feverish efforts to get his work (mainly poetry)

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[1] That is, works published in Glasstown, by Glasstown authors, with full title pages, etc.

published. Unlike Charlotte, who largely ceased to write poetry after she abandoned the Angrian saga in 1839 because from 1838 on she had sensed that prose fiction rather than poetry was her real metier, Branwell never relinquished his belief that his first calling was that of poet. In 1845 he began his never completed novel, **and the weary are at rest**, because, he wrote to Joseph Leyland,

> in the present state of the publishing and reading world a Novel is the most saleable article, so that where ten pounds would be offered for a work the production of which would require the utmost stretch of a man's intellect—two hundred pounds would be a refused offer for three volumes whose composition would require the smoking of a cigar and the humming of a tune (Leyland Letters, p. 19).

Branwell's contempt for novels was consistent. Ten years earlier, in **The Life of Alexander Percy**, vol. II, the narrator had written:

> "But Here I wish Reader that I had words to express the Heavenly beauty both in person and mind of Mary Henrietta Wharton She was not one of those unnatural (for I will not call them supernatural) beings which disfigure the already worthless pages of sentimental Novels with their amazing ignorance and inanity beings who if they lived with their "purities" and perfections ought to be left withering like a sapless leaf in winter" (Neufeldt PBB Works II, 182).

Percy, it should be remembered, was an accomplished poet, as were other significant Angrian personae such as Zamorna, Henry Hastings, Warner Howard Warner, Lord Richton and Charles Wentworth. Most of Branwell's initial writing, up to the end of 1830, was in verse, and after 1839, when he finally abandoned the Angrian material on which he had really run out of steam two years earlier, his only prose pieces were his article on Bewick (p. 397 below) and his incomplete attempt at a novel (p. 420 below).

Branwell published at least twenty-six items in his lifetime, and was in print five years before his sisters. Twenty-five of these publications appeared before his sisters published their volume of poems in 1846. I say items because in seven cases he published the same poem in different newspapers, so that the actual number of different poems he published is eighteen,[2] in addition to the one prose piece. He published in the local newspapers—the *Leeds Intelligencer*, the *Halifax Guardian*, the *Bradford Herald*, and the *Yorkshire Gazette*. Having poetry published in the Yorkshire newspapers in the 1840's was no mean achievement; it placed one in the company of highly successful poets. These newspapers were very proud of their poetry columns, which were a regular feature—not just the odd poem thrown in to fill space. They published the works not only of such local worthies as Thomas Crossley, Robert Storey, James Montgomery, and John Nicholson, the Airedale poet, but also poems by such established figures as Wordsworth, Tennyson, Shelley, Southey, Hood, Leigh

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2 Juliet Barker argues for a nineteenth poem, also published in the *Guardian*—see p. 512 below.

Hunt, and Longfellow. The *Halifax Guardian*, in which Branwell published the largest number of his poems, twelve between 1841 and 1847 in addition to the one article, welcomed contributions of "Original Poetry" but did not hesitate to reject material which it considered beneath the high standards of which it boasted, and printed stinging rebukes to poor souls who had presumed to send in 'feeble verses' for publication (Neufeldt PBB, xlvi, and Barker Brontës, 371). The respect which the *Guardian* accorded him is revealed by the recently discovered article on Bewick published October 1, 1842. It is unique in that it is the only piece of art/literary criticism to appear in the *Guardian* during 1841–42, though it published poetry regularly during that time. His last published work was a poem, fittingly titled **The End of All** (p. 504 below), in the *Halifax Guardian* June 5, 1847, just four months before the publication of *Jane Eyre*. Given that his sisters' 1846 volume of poems sold only two copies in its first year, it is safe to say that Branwell's poems enjoyed a significantly wider readership.

At this point a closer look at Branwell's career as a writer might usefully provide an overall sense of his development. His literary activities in 1829, his first full year of writing, at the age of 11/12, can best be described as a kind of volcanic eruption with all the sense of undisciplined exuberance that image suggests. He had already written a few prose bits in 1827-28, but with his appearance as editor/publisher of **BRANWELLS BLACKWOODS MAGAZINE** in January 1829, he produced over the next twelve months, in addition to at least four and probably seven issues of his magazine, a two-volume travel book, at least thirty-four poems or verse fragments (including an attempt at Latin verse), and a verse drama, in all totalling approximately 1300 lines. Of the poems, fourteen were written in collaboration with Charlotte; twenty were his own. Seventeen of the poems were included in the ten known issues of the little magazine he and Charlotte produced in 1829; eleven were in two "published" volumes of poems by Young Soult the Ryhmer, and the verse drama was also a separately "published" volume. Branwell was more venturesome in experimenting with verse form, rhyme patterns, and metrics than Charlotte at this time, an experimentation not always to her taste.[3] She commented on the two volumes by Young Soult: "His poems exhibit a fine imagination, but his versification is not good. The ideas and the language are beautiful, but they are not arranged so as to run along smoothly, and for this reason I think he should succeed best in blank verse. Indeed I understand he is about to publish a poem in that metre which is expected to be his best" (Alexander CB I, 127). Presumably she was referring to the blank verse drama, **The Revenge**, begun the day after her comment.

In fact, Branwell's experimentation was part of an image of himself as poet and Man of Letters that he was consciously propagating at the time, an image with some contradictory features. On the one hand, we have the sober and scholarly Sergeant Bud, who after receiving a copy of Ossian's poem from Chief

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3 For a more detailed discussion of Branwell's experimentation, see Neufeldt PBB, xxxvii-viii.

Genius Taly, writes to the editor of Branwell's magazine: "upon an attentive perusal of the above said works I found they were most sublime and exelent I am engaged in publishing an edition of them in Quarto—3 vols—with notes commentarys &c I am fully convinced that it is the work of Ossian who lived a 1000 years ago—and—of no other there is a most intense anxiety prevailing amongst literary men to know its contents in a short time they shall be gratified for it will be published on the first of July, 1829" (Neufeldt PBB Works 1, 14). This edition is to have "29 vols Folio" with the same elaborate apparatus of the actual volume of Ossian's poems the Brontë children had read. The same scholarly persona reappears in the guise of Chateaubriand, who not only provides elaborate learned commentaries on Young Soult's poems, but also censures the poet's excesses and irregularities. On the other hand, we have the rebellious and undisciplined Young Soult the Ryhmer, whose romantic posturing is the subject of a number of satirical comments and sketches by Charlotte (see Neufeldt PCB, 397 and Alexander CB, I, 127, 180ff, 309; EW, 64-66). Soult's rebelliousness is evident in his experimentation, in his bohemian appearance and behaviour, in his derivation—he is the son of one of Wellington's major adversaries in the Napoleonic campaigns—and in his praise of and sympathy for Napoleon and France.

Although Branwell continued his prodigious output over the next two years, his interest shifted for a time to drama and prose. His next two verse dramas (Neufeldt PBB Works 1, 98, 125), totalling 661 lines, are again in blank verse. Though the second drama is unfinished, both are again "published" works, and in both it is Young Soult who now dons the mantle of serious scholar, citing Captain Bud on the aims of dramatic poetry, explaining his sources, and dismissing his sister's criticisms of his work in his prose work **The Liar Unmasked**. These works are remarkable, Christine Alexander has rightly suggested, "for the seriousness and pretension with which the thirteen-year-old boy sets about his task of producing 'great' literature" (EW, 65). At the same time his poem in Neufeldt PBB Works I, 175 suggests that Branwell was quite capable of laughing at his own poetic posturings.

In 1832, however, Branwell showed a renewed interest in writing poetry, and over the next five years, through the end of 1836, the year in which he for the first time submitted a poem for publication—he sent **Misery** (Neufeldt PBB Works II, 500) to *Blackwood's*—he produced 51 poems totalling almost 4000 lines, in addition to a massive amount of prose related to Glasstown and Angria. And contrary to the view generally advanced by critics who have read only bits of his work, much of the poetry was not written in a white heat, in contrast to most of the prose. Ten of these poems are fair copies, eight from two manuscript volumes that are not by Young Soult or some other persona, but his own. In other words, this renewed interest in writing poetry is accompanied by a change in Branwell's conception of himself. Up to the end of 1831, he thought of himself as Young Soult, the poet of Glasstown, published in Glasstown. After 1831, however, Young Soult rapidly disappears, and a new dual self-conception begins to emerge. On the one hand, Branwell continues as

the chronicler of Glasstown/Angria in the persons of John Flower (Viscount Richton), Captain Bud, Henry Hastings (the poet of Angria)[4] and Charles Wentworth. On the other hand, Branwell is also P. B. Brontë producing poems in his own right. Seven of these are in ordinary handwriting as opposed to the minute print writing; three others, while in the print writing, are part of a manuscript volume of very legible fair copies. All are dated and either signed by Branwell or have his initials at the beginning with the date. While the separation from Angria is obviously not complete, many of the poems are of a classical and philosophical bent; even Percy, Branwell's hero, is retrospective and reflective in most of the poems during this time, discussing the nature of human existence and the transitoriness of human happiness. All this suggests that from May 1832 on, at the age of fourteen, Branwell was beginning to think of publication in the real world. And indeed four years later, in April 1836, he sent *Blackwood's* the manuscript of his poem **Misery** (the earliest poem of which we have more than one complete version), offering to provide both poetry and prose in the future. And he signed the poem "Northangerland," his first use of the pseudonym that he was to use the rest of his life for his publications.

Branwell's division of interest between chronicling the history of Angria and being a poet in his own right worried Charlotte. In her famous caricature of Branwell as "Patrick Benjamin Wiggens" in October 1834 (Alexander CB, II, part ii, pp. 245-53), it is precisely his inability to act with undivided purpose that she sees as potentially dangerous. As Winnifred Gérin has pointed out, "She sees how his emotions are too strong and too easily aroused; how the very range of his tastes and talent is too extended ever to allow of concentration upon one object; how his ambitions are too inordinate ever to be satisfied with moderate achievement" (BB, 69). It is worth noting at this point that while I had little difficulty in organizing Branwell's work in chronological order in my first volume, the period of 1834-37 (vol. II and the beginning of vol. III) has presented serious problems in this respect because during this time Branwell almost always had two and sometimes three major projects underway simultaneously. Not only was Branwell's perception of his role as writer divided; that role also had to compete with his interests in music and painting. It was about the time that Charlotte wrote her description of Wiggens that Branwell began to take instruction in portrait painting and to plan to enrol in the Royal Academy in 1835, a plan that seems not to have materialized, as the evidence suggests that Branwell never did go to London (Barker Brontës, 227ff).

His response to this failure in his artistic endeavours was not only an immediate return to writing, but also a feverish attempt to gain literary employment and to get himself published. In December 1835 he sent the now

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4 Hastings, in contrast to Young Soult, is no posturing pseudo-Byronic figure; rather he is an inexperienced but enthusiastic army officer whom Charlotte treats much more gently than she did Young Soult, and who reflects on the nature of poetic composition (see Alexander EW, p. 149 and Neufeldt PBB Works II, 288).

famous letter to *Blackwood's* noted earlier, offering himself as a replacement for James Hogg. According to this letter he had already written twice before, but those letters are no longer extant. In April of 1836 he sent *Blackwood's* the manuscript of his poem **Misery**, and on January 4, 1837 he again wrote the magazine:

> In a former letter, I hinted, that I was in possession of something the design of which, whatever might be its execution, would be superior to that of any series of articles which has yet appeared in Blackwood's Magazine—But, being prose, of course, and of great length, as well as peculiar in character, a description of it by letter would be impracticable.—So surely a Journey of 300 miles should not deter me from a knowledge of myself and a hope of enterance into the open world.
>
> Now, Sir, all I ask of you is—To permit this interview; and, in answer to this letter, to say that you will see me, were it only for half an hour—the fault be mine should you have any reason to repent your permission (SHB LL, I, 150–51).

This last appeal to the magazine was contemporaneous with Charlotte's well-known letter to Robert Southey, the Poet Laureate, to ask his advice on whether she could earn a living from her writing. Not to be outdone, Branwell wrote to Wordsworth, sending him the manuscript of "Still and bright in twilight shining" (Neufeldt PBB Works II, 588), which he had composed in August of the previous year, asking the poet to

> pass your Judgement upon what I have sent you, because from the day of my birth to this the nineteenth year of my life I have lived among wild and secluded hills where I could neither know what I was or what I could do . . . . My aim, Sir is to push into the open world and for this I trust not poetry alone that might launch the vessel but could not bear her on—sensible and scientific prose, bold and vigorous efforts in my walk in Life would give a further title to the notice of the world and then again poetry ought brighten and crown that name with glory. . . . Surely, in this day, when there is not a writing poet worth a sixpence the feild must be open if a better man can step forward" (Smith Letters, 160–61).

Whatever the defects of the letter, and they are serious, the comments I have just quoted indicate some degree of self-awareness on Branwell's part and of the assistance/advice he knew he needed.

Unfortunately, neither *Blackwood's* nor Wordsworth replied to his letters, so Branwell continued to create and revise poems for publication, unchecked and unguided, while also continuing with his Angrian chronicles, though it was becoming increasingly clear during 1837 that his imaginative energy was failing in the latter—at one point early in 1837 he inserted in one of his narratives "what follows is a work of desperation" (p. 8 below). During 1837 and the early part of 1838—until he left for Bradford—he added five poems to the notebook he had begun in late 1835 with the first draft of **Misery**, all fair

copies, signed or initialled, although some are incomplete. More significant, however, is a new notebook, into which he entered between March 1837 and May 1838:

(a) revisions of twenty-six earlier poems;
(b) eight new poems;
(c) translations of six odes of Horace

In addition, he composed three other poems, only one of which is connected with the Angrian narrative.

These notebooks, especially the second one, demonstrate Branwell's gradual resolution of his dual conception of his role as writer. While Richton, Hastings and Wentworth continue to pour out pages of narrative concerning Angria, albeit in much more fragmented form, from 1837 on, it is P. B. Brontë who reaffirms his dedication to poetry in his poem **The Spir[i]t of Poetry** (p.76 below), one of two poems in the notebook not originally composed by an Angrian persona. The poems related to Angria are divorced from their original context, and whoever their original "Angrian author," the revised versions are all "corrected," "enlarged," and "transcribed" by "P. B. Brontë." Closely related to this change is a move toward long narrative poems, with a strongly reflective cast. Also, at the very end of 1837 he began work on a prose narrative which, although still featuring Alexander Percy, is set not in Africa but in Yorkshire and in which he rebukes Charlotte as a "writer who loved more to dwell upon Indian Palm Groves or Genii palaces than on the wooded manors and cloudy skies of England" (p.186 below).[5] Although he was to make an attempt to earn a living by painting in 1838, his desire and drive to become a poet were strengthening. At the end of 1837 then, although he did produce a few more prose narrative fragments, Branwell essentially abandoned Angria and turned more and more to writing long poems not based on an Angrian source and complete in themselves: public pieces meant for publication.

His aspirations would seem to have received encouragement from the friendship he developed while in Bradford with Joseph Leyland, and he began the practice of passing manuscripts on to Leyland for criticism. However, except for the first draft of **Sir Henry Tunstall** (p. 233 below), Branwell seems not to have composed any new poems while he was at Bradford, nor immediately after his return in early 1839, when he began a regulated program of study with his father, presumably, since painting was not to be his profession, to prepare him to take up teaching.

This program of study seems to have again stimulated Branwell's literary ambitions, for while he worked as a tutor at Broughton-in-Furness, January to June 1840, he attempted once more to establish a literary career, this time as poet and translator. On April 15, 1840 he sent Thomas De Quincey a revised draft of **Sir Henry Tunstall**, arguably the best narrative poem he had produced over the past few years, along with translations of five odes by Horace. Five days later, he sent Hartley Coleridge a revised draft of his poem "At dead of

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5 It was this piece he reworked for his unfinished novel (see p. 420) in 1845.

midnight—drearily" (p. 291 below) and translations of two odes by Horace. He wrote to Coleridge that he was "about to enter active life" and needed to ascertain "whether by periodical or other writing, I could please myself with writing and make it subservient to living," and if it would be "possible to obtain remuneration for translations for such as these from that or any other classic author" (SHB LL, I, 205). While De Quincey did not reply, Coleridge obviously responded positively, for Branwell spent the first of May with him at Rydal Water, and encouraged by his discussions with Coleridge, continued work on the translations, sending Coleridge Book I of the Odes on June 27, just after he had been dismissed from his position as tutor. He asked Coleridge to tell him "whether it was worth further notice or better fit for the fire . . . whether I should amend and pursue the work or let it rest in peace" (SHB LL, I, 210). Although Coleridge began to draft a very positive and encouraging reply, he, unfortunately, never completed and sent the letter (see Neufeldt PBB, 522–24).

Meanwhile Branwell's literary activity was once more curtailed by his appointment as Assistant Clerk at Sowerby Bridge Railway Station on 31 August, and not until he became Clerk in charge of the station at Luddenden Foot, August 1, 1841, did he once more find the time and energy for literary composition.

Contrary to the traditional view that Branwell's days at Luddenden Foot consisted of little more than lack of attention to duty, idleness and drunken debauchery, which acccording to one biographer, turned him into a "mental and physical wreck" (Gérin BB, 201), the move from Sowerby Bridge provided new impetus to his literary aspirations. Just over a month after the move, 5 June 1841, he achieved his life-long ambition when his poem "Heaven and Earth" appeared in the *Halifax Guardian* under the pseudonym "Northangerland," the first of twelve in the *Guardian* over the next six years. In August he not only published a second poem in the *Guardian*, this time a political satire over his own initials, but he also began to enter drafts of poems into a small notebook. Most of the poems are related to a very ambitious project he seems to have envisaged: a series of poems about a group of historical figures—mainly men of letters—who had achieved human greatness in the face of adversity, a theme well summed up by the title he eventually gave to the second version of his poem on Admiral Nelson, the longest in the notebook—**The Triumph of mind over body**. Two lists of persons potentially to be written about totalled twenty-three. Nine of these—Alexander the Great, Galileo, Tasso, Milton, Samuel Johnson, Cowper, Burns and Nelson—figure in poems written in 1841. If not in real life, then in imagination he felt himself closely allied to his heroes, and in chronicling their achievements he would in a small way experience the same triumph. In a poem addressed to his friend Grundy (p. 351 below) during this time, Branwell, in a similar vein, condemns those who would dismiss others on the basis of station or appearance; the mind, he believes, can triumph over such disadvantages, especially the mind devoted to literature. Some of the poems in the notebook are autobiographical, indicating an awareness that he was not making the most of his talents because of his overabsorption in the pleasures of

the present. Most of the poems, however, are full of ambition, energy, and optimism, and both the quantity and quality of the poems belie the usual description of Branwell's existence at Luddenden Foot. He clearly believed that he still had a future as a poet, and was writing with an eye to publication. Some of the credit for all this activity must be given to the circle of his artistic friends in Halifax—the Leyland brothers, the artist John Wilson Anderson, the poets William Dearden, John Nicholson, William Heaton and possibly Thomas Crossley. The writers in this group read their manuscripts aloud to one another for criticism.[6]

Consistent with the pattern already noted, Branwell's dismissal at Luddenden Foot at the end of March 1842 did not dampen his literary activity. Instead it seems to have spurred him on to even greater efforts to establish himself as a poet, perhaps as a means of compensating for his failure. Between April 1842 and January 1843, when he left to become tutor at Thorp Green, he published nine poems, seven of which were revisions of earlier compositions, two of which were new, and one prose article. In addition he wrote one other new poem, and revised six others, all intended for publication. Also Branwell seems to have made some effort to draw attention to his poems. He sent samples of his work to James Montgomery, a poet, to *Blackwood's* once more, to Caroline Bowles (wife of Southey), to James and Harriet Martineau and to Leigh Hunt. According to Branwell's friend Grundy, the last three spoke very highly of **The Triumph of mind over body.**[7]

However, Branwell still had to earn a living, and so from January 1843 to July 1845 he was employed as tutor at Thorp Green. During this time he produced only 6 new poems, again in a notebook he kept while at Thorp Green, but his desire to publish did not wane—he published two of the new poems and two earlier ones in the *Yorkshire Gazette* within ten weeks of his dismissal from Thorp Green.

Despite his distraught state after his dismissal, Branwell embarked on several ambitious projects during 1845–46. Immediately after his dismissal he began revisions of three earlier poems, the second of which was to be the first canto of a long poem. However, the first two remained unfinished; the third became part of his unfinished novel, **and the weary are at rest,** begun in the summer of 1845. Before the end of 1845 he completed four more poems—all new—two of which were published in the *Halifax Guardian*, thereby at least partially negating his own comment to Grundy (October 1845) that "at the kind request of Mr. Macaulay and Mr. Baines [editor of the *Leeds Mercury*], I have striven to arouse my mind by writing something worthy of being read, but I really cannot do so" (SHB LL, II, 68).

His professed inability to write anything worthwhile notwithstanding, Branwell began 1846 with a published poem in the *Halifax Guardian*, composed

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6 For a more detailed discussion of their meetings, see Neufeldt PBB, xliv.

7 *Pictures of the Past*, London, 1879, p. 79.

a topical poem on the heroism of Sir Robert Sale and Sir Henry Hardinge intended for publication, and six other poems, and began an epic in several cantos about Morley Hall—connected with the Leyland family. In his letter of 28 April, requesting information about Morley Hall, Branwell complains to Joseph Leyland about the "hopelessness of bursting through the barriers of the literary circles, and getting a hearing among publishers . . . . Otherwise I have the materials for a respectably sized volume, and if I were in London personally I might try Henry Moxon,—a patronizer of rhyme" (Leyland Letters, 26). His claim of having a manuscript volume ready may well be accurate—he numbered the four completed pages of **Morley Hall** 190–93. Although the death of Mr. Robinson in June and its attendant consequences upset and distracted Branwell greatly, by October he was back at work on **Morley Hall** and two other poems concerned with historical figures facing defeat and despair, begun in late 1846 or early 1847. In all then, he produced ten poems in 1846, and did not go into total collapse even after the death of Mr. Robinson and the failure of his plan to marry Mrs. Robinson.

In 1847 it becomes apparent, however, that whatever his intentions might be, Branwell's will and ability to write were fading rapidly. He produced only one poem and two fragments, yet he published the one poem, and sent another to Leyland asking if "it would be worth sending to some respectable periodical like Blackwood's Magazine" (Leyland Letters, 42). Even now the Blackwood's dream had not died, nor had his dreams of publishing, for in January 1848, only eight months before his death, he wrote to Leyland, "When you return me the manuscript volume which I placed in your hands will you (if you can easily lay your hands on it) enclose that manuscript called 'Caroline'—left with you many months since" (Leyland Letters, 46). Clearly, Branwell's dream of becoming a man of letters and a poet remained with him to the very end.

So what then does all this add up to? Let me offer a few tentative suggestions.

First, it is clear that Branwell was in real life a more interesting, a more complex, and ultimately a more tragic figure than he has been made out to be. He had high ambitions, he had talent, and ultimately he wasted much of that talent (a serious crime in view of the place the parable of the ten talents had in the family consciousness), yet I would argue that he came much closer to realizing his dream than tradition would have us believe.

Second, the writer who emerged after he abandoned the Angrian saga in 1839, and especially after his meeting with Hartley Coleridge in 1840, showed signs of a growing maturity that manifested itself in a number of ways. As his verse became more introspective and reflective he began to demonstrate a greater interest in the social issues of the time. Juliet Barker has pointed out that **The Wool is Rising**, written in 1834, in contrast to Charlotte's interest in depicting aristocratic life, "was the first story to chart the rise of a mill owner and be set, in part at least, in the counting house of a mill" (Barker Brontës, 203). This willingness to depict social realities certainly becomes more pronounced from 1838 on. In his poem "At dead of Midnight, drearily" (p. 223

below) he explores the double standard for males and females regarding adultery—it was a revised version of this poem that he sent to Hartley Coleridge in 1840. In the poem on Admiral Nelson, he provides an idealized version of Nelson's heroism and death, but also the grim realism of his children's indifferent discovery of their father's bones in the churchyard (p. 395 below). In his unfinished novel, he tackles the same subject that Anne was to tackle in *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*—the dilemma of the woman who finds herself caught in an abusive and soul-destroying marriage. It may be argued that Branwell is merely trying to justify his involvement with Mrs. Robinson, and that Percy has a long history of seducing helpless women, but it is worth looking at how Branwell revised the plot from the original 1837 version of the story. In that version Maria Thurston is drawn to Percy's romantic character and his dark past. She is a ready and willing victim, won over by Percy simply because women find him irresistible. In the revised version she is a virtuous woman driven into Percy's arms against her better judgment because in her lonely, neglected state she longs for love and affection. She is pious and deeply torn by the conflict between her faith and her illicit feelings, as she is depicted on her knees weeping and praying:

> O God forgive me if thou can'st! I do not know how much I have angered thee—I do not know whether or not I sin in daring to pray to thee—I only know that I cannot help myself, that I am going whither my every feeling leads me, and that, come what may, into thy hands I must fall. The world will now judge ill of me—My sisterhood will shun me—snares will surround me—my life will be endangered, and a long dark future may be preparing for me and Hell itself may rise to meet me at my coming; But how can I shake off what my heart clings to? How can I vow to thee that I will forget him who seems all I have hoped for and never obtained? How can I return to silent submission under heartless tyranny and keep any promise to hate the name of love? . . . . He has made me love him, and yet I must cast his image aside or live, a traitor to my vow, and a sinner in thy sight (pp. 465–66 below).

And in the unfinished poem on Morley Hall (p. 489 below), the speaker lashes out against the destructive impact of commercialism and industrialization on Lancashire, much as Charlotte was to do in *Shirley* for Yorkshire.

Finally, there is also evidence of a growing discipline in his writing, beginning with the careful revisions in his 1837 notebook. He produced three and even four versions of some of the poems he composed from 1838 on. It is worth noting too the number of sonnets among his published poems, a form that requires a high degree of skill and discipline. The article on Bewick discloses a Branwell consciously attempting to define and articulate his own aesthetic beliefs and principles, albeit with a strong Wordsworthian influence. In it he has thoughtfully expanded on his criticism five years earlier of Charlotte's preference for the exotic over the homely.

In short, by the time he left for Thorp Green Branwell's poetry reflected a conscious effort to put into practice the distinction he had made six years earlier between his poetry and that of his sisters—that while theirs was divorced from the common round of human experience, his was to offer a glimpse of "that glorious Humanity which carrys with it some Soul rousing or heart depressing vision of what a mortal may feel or see . . . something of the actual shadow or sunshine which I know to be the greatest fountain of what I call poetry."[8] Contrary to the suggestion that even after he stopped producing prose about Angria in 1839, his verse consisted mainly of reworked Angrian material, forty of the fifty-one verse items he produced from 1840 on are non–Angrian. While seven of his twelve publications in 1841/42 were of Angrian origin, only one of the eight poems he published in 1845–47 has an Angrian source. As a result, he was well on the way to establishing himself as a regular contributor and poet of note in the local newspapers, especially in the *Halifax Guardian*. Had he been able to maintain the momentum he built up in 1841–42, he might well have achieved a stature equal to that of his poet friends in the Halifax circle—William Dearden, the "Bard of Caldene"; John Nicholson, the "Airedale Poet"; William Heaton; and possibly Thomas Crossley, the "Bard of Ovenden"—all minor poets with a solidly established regional reputation who had to earn a living outside their literary activities. Ironically, Branwell's move to Thorp Green to earn a living destroyed that momentum.

A NOTE ON THE TEXT:

Volume one of this edition covers 1827–33, in which Branwell is mainly concerned with the creation of the Glass Town Confederacy, and with the establishment of Rougue/Alexander Percy/Elrington as his protagonist. Volume two covers 1834-36, and focuses on the creation of Angria, and on the growing conflict between Arthur Wellesly, Duke of Zamorna and King Adrian of Angria on the one hand and Alexander Percy, Earl of Northangerland, and the Marquis of Ardrah on the other. This volume covers 1837-48 and depicts the end of the Angrian conflict, Branwell's abandonment of the Angrian saga, and his attempts to establish himself as a published poet and man of letters.

During this period he produced approximately 80,700 words of prose, 65 new poems and verse fragments, 54 revised poems, and 37 translations of Latin odes. All the poems and translations previously appeared in my 1990 edition of Branwell's poetry. Of the prose, approximately 50,800 words are published here for the first time. With the exception of the article on Bewick (p. 397 below), none of the previously published prose texts retains Branwell's original spelling, punctuation, sentence structure, and paragraphing. All have not only been normalized, but also contain significant misreadings, "revision," and omissions; in addition, most are fragments, taken out of context, offering the

8 See Neufeldt PBB Works II, 149.

reader little sense of how and where they fit into the larger whole, or what Branwell was attempting to achieve. Many of the poems are revisions of poems from the previous two volumes. For those that are new there are as many as four different versions; all have been included and all, including the translations, appear as Branwell left them or published them.[9]

The intention of this edition, therefore, is both to correct the effects of previous misreadings and "improvements," and to provide the reader with the actual text that Branwell produced. All of the texts are based on my own transcriptions of the manuscripts or on Branwell's published texts. It has not been possible to retain the original page breaks, or the original lining in the case of prose works except for lists, tables, title-pages, and contents pages. As to revisions, I have reproduced only major canceled lines or passages. In the case of uncanceled variants, the latest variant is included in the text; other variants appear in the notes. Editorial insertions have been added in square brackets where necessary for the sake of clarity. Titles in brackets are ones indirectly supplied by Branwell. Doubtful readings due to manuscript deterioration, blotting, or the impossibility of reading the minute print writing appear in < >.

The organization of material in chronological order is much less problematical in this volume than in the previous one; only in a few instances during 1837 was Branwell producing prose and poetry concurrently. More problematical is the dating of undated poems and verse fragments, the placement of which in some cases is somewhat speculative, but strives to provide, as in the previous volumes, the best possible sense of Branwell's literary progress.

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9 I have detailed the difficulties created by Branwell's script and punctuation in the introduction to volume two.

The Works of Patrick Branwell Brontë

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[Angria and the Angrians]
IV(a)[1]

PBB
Dec[r] 17
1836

The War which for a space did fail
Now trebly thundring swelled the gale
And *Angria* was the cry
A light on *Warner's* visage spread
And fired his glazing eye
He shook his sword above his head
And shouted VICTORY!
Marmion
Canto V.[2]

The Forces under command of his Grace John Duke of Fidena composed of the elite of the Western and Northern chivalry and headed by these <same> Constitutionalists St Clair. Lofty. Tracey. Hill. &c had by a Sucession of scientific movements foiled all the Republican corps of observation and halted within sight of the Olympian Hills upon the very day in which Northangerland reached his Headquarters at Northangerland. Thus Our troops nearly 40.000. and Warners above 30000 formed on[e] great line from the Hill to Hartford nearly parallel to that which Naughten Massena and Simpson formed between Cornshaw moor and Zamorna bringing seven Armies in all 150,000 men within a very few miles of each other and preparing for a terrible combat under the direction of the greatest commanders of our time. I had the honour myself to be retained with his Grace of Fidena in a high capacity and one which called me more particular[l]y to general observation my readers will therefore excuse me from entering into nothing more than my personal narritive of what I saw and knew in the tremendous conflict I have to describe

Fidena from his Head quarters at Ardsley[3] had commissioned me with important personal communications regarding our position and intentions to Mr

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1 This section consists of three leaves scattered over three libraries. The first portion consists of one leaf in the BPM: Bon 145 (4).

2 Actually Canto VI, stanza xxxii; the lines have been modified to suit Branwell's context.

3 Ardsley East is located in West Yorkshire between Leeds and Dewsbury.

Warner then rendezvousing in his centre point the Hill. I therefore taking with me a sufficient escort of cavalry set out for that place on Horseback in the afternoon of the day after that wherein the Angrian Leader had delivered the address given upon the concluding pages of my last volumn[4] and arriving in the town at sunset alighted at Mr W's hotel. He I found was not here but had been called off upon an emergency to a point nearer the Enimies lines However by the great numbers of Swarthy and Savage men who filled the place in bodies of 2 or 200. armed to the teeth and attired in striped and chequer vests I knew that I should find Enara the second in command who indeed before I had entered the Hotel rode up on Horseback. at the Head of a long troop of "Tiger" cavalry

"Enerico" I said " My Lord Duke. pushes on without delay he has received intelligence of a flaw in the adversarys coat of proof. Shall I speak to you privatly?"

"There's no occasion" he replied " Our own intelligence is on the same key and I am going to take advantage of it—Scroven push on toward Churchhill Now Richton there's no room for talking here Hah Etrei! —my beast is as wild as I am—Do you slow paced Constitutionalists mean to take advantage of Naughtens maneuvres?—"

"Were it not better [to] speak these matters in private?—"

"God! Do ye think I have traitors here—none more than yourself Talk like a trumpet if you will only stand back to let the cannon get past—"

What he said further was lost in the stunning rattle of the Artillery driven past at a trot over the rough paving stones which the[y] ground to powder more came and more Fernandez grimly smiling over each black and smoky enjine The torrent of war poured between him and me and as soon as it was over files of Ammunition waggons began thundering in its wake in a break of the line I caught him signing me farwell and then I suppose he dashed off for when the train had got by he was not to be seen.

Unmindful of his stern coldness. in my eagerness for Angrian success. I resolved as I had been requested by the Duke to wait yet a while for the return of Warner So I occupied a room in the Inn front facing the street and looking forth on the passing shoals of Bayonets till the darkness blackened the window panes and the cold drew me to the rousing fire. At supper here I could not help feeling the awful excitement of my situation amid the comforts of civilization in that glowing room But surrounded without by a gathering tide of war and now the very unclement day had passed into a night of howling wind and rain with harried noises and a confusion of distant sound Besides I felt quite uncertain of the course of events <for> the posture of affairs had a mystery in them much more attractive to the imagination than the Judgement I and my Officers were passing the Bottle freely enough when a courier was announced from without bearing a letter from the Angrian Commander. it ran as follows.

My lord under present circumstances I know no better course than for you to hurry on with what men you have under guidance of my courier to my

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4 See Neufeldt PBB Works II, pp. 647–51.

own present post at Shipton[5] where I can better speak to you of matters concerning both.

Warner Howard Warner.

The Earl of Richton—
Ardsley—36—

Thinking my best plan would be obedience to such commands I was with my followers mounted and off. directly passing out of the town at a rapid trot and taking a road that seemed to strike in toward the Olyimpian[sic] Hills The vehemence of the showers and wind howling down the gorge we ascended prevented any observation of things in passing till having gained one of those swells which denote the higher elevation of these ranges I suddenly beheld at a musket shot distance the lights of a long range of Infantry drawn up apparently in order for combat They flanked the road and I could distinguish dark as it was that they masked a very formidable battery I suppose of 6 or 7 pounders—probably being the rear guard of the forces in this position But what struck me more here than anything except the force of the blast was the sudden and very general report of guns that went off in a rolling fire so near that only the intervention of the hill we had overcome must have prevented us from hearing it before and now I began to be anxious to reach a second rise before us to gain some further information as to the nature of this ceasless sound. we pushed up briskly though near breathless with the pelting of wind and rain till a wide flat suddenly spred out downward through the storm and Lo!—Shells and bombs striking their paths of lightning in archs all through the forward night It was a sublime spectacle that made each one halt an instant and then to see the scintillating run of flashes followed after a pause by the distant rattle of successive explosion the dreadful stars of battle were flashing 2 or 3 miles in advance softning their sound to thunder and giving a silent solemnity to their blaze some times as we moved on in a part where all seemed dark. with rain on a sudden the gloom would break into this short race of firelight and then send from afar the following sullen peal. but when we reached Churchhill it then being dead night we came upon a very great mass of Soldiery in ranks several deep stand[ing] on their arms each gunner by his lighted match. some detachments thrown out about the villiage and A great fire rolling its smoke even into the very streets with a glare that brightened up all the terrible array. Shells it seemed had fallen so near and two houses were burning but most awful of all to the sight every vacant placed[sic] was filled with men wounded and bleeding laid thirsty groaning and some just struggling with their end. Now Warners headquarters were still a mile nearer the scene of combat so I made up my mind for danger took fresh Horses and pushed my way through the soldiers toward the Howling thunders of Shipton dale I heard that Thornton was gone to carry Northangerland by the Bayonet and that indeed he had charged the French twice within a very few hours Shipton whose lights or rather the lights of its Soldiery

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5 The town of Shipton in North Yorkshire lies just north of York.

soon came in sight was covered with the rows of Cannonry and here the roar rolled so deafning as to forbid all power of conversation but I so far made my self understood as to gett.[sic] directions for reaching the position of the Commander in cheif. wide feilds by the river side filled with military and blazing with watchfires. one great semicircle of Officers on Horseback. fronting a second. and between the little unexhaustible Civil General mounted wrapt in a surtout. dripping wet and conversing with fiery animation St Clair! It astonished me but St Clair sat on his saddle stiff and proud beside him. St Clairs staff. behind and between me and those two the French General Feild Marshal Massena. I could [not] for my life help galloping up without ceremony—

"My God. Warner how goes the Battle?"

"Battle! my Lord there is no battle! —Well!" He said hastily turning to Massena— " Well!"

"Well on my soul. I'll with draw to France By G—d!—"

"Swear not Bad Man.!"[6]

"Swear its what I got by such D—d company we're a treason hatching pack. alls at a split I'll leave 'em no good will come of it! The present retrograde I have made along with my fellow traitors is an earnest of what I will do.! G—d My Lord Richton you smoke me dont ye!"

I shuddered. every nerve I had crept with this sudden glimpse of Northangerlands fate

"Where's your Arch leader" I said hastily

"Drat his bones. Oh Lord! Curse the man we've done him—Leader said you My Lord—Lack a day. He's done however.!"

"Richton" said Clair "No Obstacle whatever have we found in the advance of our vanguard—we marched from point to point! no Naughton Only a farce of shells. He has retreated!"

"And Simpson"

"Never come near us!"

"Lord" said Massena " Simpsons half way to Verdopolis—and that reminds me that I must after him. by're leave Sirs you know my promise Good night!"

I was thunderstruck. but I said "the firing?" Warner answered with animated feircness

"The firing Stuff.! Scorpions! they worry each other now they return to Verdopolis to concoct a defence and tyranny. Clair Clair your General must strike thither directly I will prepare at once to aid you"

"To Morrow it shall be begun"

"To morrow! TO NIGHT. now O God shall these Eyes behold Zamorna shall I see him once again?"—

Warner rode off bowing to each for military music and great sounds of galloping denoted the arrival of Fidena himself with the Horseguards. They came

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6 The following section consists of leaf two of the manuscript in the Berg Collection catalogued as "Elegant Extracts."

sweeping round the meadow the Dukes Carriage Horses smoking and Warner riding up reined them in with his own impatient hand himself handed John from the chariot and eagerly preceded us to the place of rendezvous the vacated seat of that fallen Lucifer Northangerland Hall.

As we rode on I could think of nothing but the ruin of Alexander Percy!—

P B Brontë
Dec[r] 17 1836

—P B Bronte
January 6th
1837

Not being in the humour for any other buisness just now I will Open for my readers inspection a door in A Verdopolitan Palace. We may both step in for sure enough under the present Government the real Master of so noble a Mansion will not be found at home The Apartment opens upon us Oblong and very Lofty with a ceiling from whose Dome like centre the Noon day light streams down upon Persian Carpets and Walls whose ground of red and gold. is nearly hidden by four Enormous Paintings[7] whose Giant frames rest upon a plinth the height of a man and hence hang over head to the very cornice of the Lordly Room you step in and at first are only seized with an indefinate sense of overpowering and triumphant <Awe> every glance of your eyes catches on immense and threatning forms a shadow of deep colours and a light as if the irradiation of lightning you stop and <glance> straight before you One huge picture leans forward over the whole fronting Wall A naked figure in the midst kneeling on one knee upon a dying enemy three beautiful female forms enticing him downward to an abyss and still though he has given one arm to them the other with his eyes is raised toward Heaven. a brilliant light among rolling clouds of darkness and this light striking upon his broad developed chest and the gracful shoulders of one temptress brings the picture wonderfully out from its deep <umbered> gloom. This is Human Life with its hopes and crimes and temptations But to one side of you is Death. wherein the mighty man falls backward and downward blinded ghastly and stricken by the three temptations now changing into brown and horrid phantoms all is dark above him and beneath the moon seen in the chasm of the rocks among which he falls is turning into blood without light for the illumination of the peice results from the lightning flash upon the scathed and dying man—Other awful paintings accompanied these

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7 These paintings would seem to be Branwell's inventions.

two looking from the walls with a forceful and tremendous coulouring They are Dundee's[8] great Master peices and did belong to the—Duke of Zamorna!—As it was underneath the cheif one before a roaring fire two Gentlemen sat with their backs turned to a table laid out but not as yet covered with the morning repast In a sense these two elegant chaps might be said to become the Room seeing that neither could with propriety accosted by any other title than that of Majesty and that both were of the high and noble company of Lords of our Mighty Metropolis King Boy sate with both postlike legs outstretched his burly Body bent over them and his two black fists clapped one on. each knee so that if he could not be said to be in a brown study he certainly was in a black one King Jack on the contrary bolt up right in his chair as if it was a mode of sitting he was any thing but accustomed too and therefore so much the more important a signification bolt up right I say protruded his spacious chest rubbed the palms of his hands over his gallant corporation and now gazing with a smile down upon his protuberant ruff. now up with a sigh round the puzzling pictures on the walls then with a broad grin at Brother Boy and last with a frown at the vacant Breakfast table

His Majesty King Boy having slowly pulled up his hands from his legs broke [a] groan turning to his Brother Sovereign

"Me Bery badly dis morning Massa Quacco! me hab belly ache badly! can es no tell a me cure Massa Quaccy?"

"'Is Massa Bingo do not eat a' up all so no more Massa Bingy Do not eat as de big pig but de little pig!"

"I hab eat no pig at all Massa Quaccy—"

"I's a' hab—de Bake 'em last night de fired Bake'm. eat a' de hams and de little cakes of Beef Massa Bingy!"

"You no tell me de cure yet Massa—"

"Ah! Sabby now saby Bingo be saby lad! dat is de ting that makes de <curra> <murring> massa—no rum Bingy no more rum!"

"I will hab rum now Quaccy you want all de great big belt to yourself Quaccy me know you do but me'll cheat you and cheat you dat de licker sall run and run and run till it run out of my muzzy and den 'e sall take de spillings Massa Quacey"[9] such an ebuillition of spleen might have caused an open rupture and indeed an ominous chuckle began to emanate from the lovely lips of King Jack. but the fortunate entrance of the preparations for breakfast put a timely stop to the anger of Achilles and Atrides[10] King of men and as Jack stood up by the fire for the double purpose of warming his backside and contemplating the

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8 See Neufeldt PBB Works I, p. 251, n. 4.

9 The following section consists of leaf two of the manuscript in the Brotherton Collection catalogued as "The End of the Angrian Revolution."

10 Atrides refers to the sons of Atreus, but it is the latter that Branwell is probably thinking of. Both Achilles and Atreus are guilty of extreme anger that goes beyond the bounds of acceptable behaviour and offends the gods.

preparations his eyes in a fine frenzy rolling caught by chance upon the Mighty paintings He looked at all and each before him then turned to examine the one behind and fronting it he broke forth

"Cor Amity! Bingo dese are queer fetishes me tink's de black feller hab'nt done dose Massa Bingy!"

"Me frighten Massa Jack me get bad start at 'em gib me de poker and me'll try if I can stir 'em a bit—"

"No no Massa Boy Massa Monte de big White man hab promissed dem to me and de white fetishes to yourself.

"What dem in the li—libba de dad! me cannot tell a de name"

"Iss'a Massa but me tink e' must get a summat better dan dose—"

"You nebber sall nor me neider taka dat now crack a dat nut

"Me'll try!—" and forthwith Bingo chucklingly plumped onto his chair before a steaming mess of boiled beef trembling on the table flanked by a pudding black with currants and dim seen through its cloud of vapour these rich dishes were both outflanked by two basins of hot Rice and milk reddened with real Jamaica and ting[e]ing the united smell of Breakfast with a most decided spiritous odour.

And the whole course had been sent in by orders of the new Lord President Montmorency apologising for its unbreakfast like appearance by uncommon sociality and agreement with the powerful stomachs set down before it Jack and Boy simultaneously ran their hands down their waistcoats over the buttons that loosened to their touch one of them remarking

"D—n dose waistcoats dey do noting but tell a feller stop in de thick of his eating! now a Massa Bingo how is a belly lad.? Can a manage de rice porridge?—"

This question Boy answered by a portentous sound as he drew bettween his august lips a vast spoonful of the kindly nutriment after which note of preparation the succesive spoon loads kept shoving in on both sides with a tone as of a dozen whales blowing in the deep now and then a short pause was made to qualify the broth with a liquid out of a long bottle in the midst of the table till the last dregs of both. basins has aquired a tinge of the purest Amber and then those dregs being supped of from the vessel itself. the two pairs of doughty lips were smacked in a heartfelt approbation—Then the chairs were drawn farther in to the table The plates laid hold on and each cast of optics fixed itself on the shaking pile of glittering fat and juicy lean before them Bingo seemed nobly recovered from his mulligrubs[11] and the proposition was his own to—

"Tak a de big bit and rive it in two and one for you and one for me and den we's do Massa Quacey—"

"Have a care den and whoa hoa hoa!—"

with a determined pull the ribs were riven asunder and splashing the gravy over each mans redundant shirt Both Sovereigns handed over their ample portions to

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11 A state of depression of spirits; a fit of megrims or spleen.

the mercy of their gleamings knives there was not cutting though I promise you The knives merely seperated rib from rib and then being laid reeking on the clean cloth the blacks grappled with the enemy and the white grinders directly < >[12] away the fragrant spoil so that in a wonderfully short time four rolling orbs were concentred anew upon the shaking < > an image indeed of their own benighted visages Jack <like> a Hero tore it in two with his fingers and taking his half walked to the fire where he eat it as a mass of bread Boy was not slow to follow the example thereby enjoying the double advantages of fire and feeding in one

"Carra!" said the thankless dog to his Comrade "Carra if me hasnt sommat better nor dem great boggards we'll nebber strike firelock more for im!—

"Nor me G—d d—n. De great white debbils!

"Bah me nebber expected to run and run and run dis away

"Nor me!"

"Nor to get nothing but blows and belly aches!"

"Nor me neider!"

As they warmed in the recapituelation of their dissapointments The room door again opened and in came the Prince Neckclothe awry and eyes in a fine frenzy rolling

(What follows is the work of desperation
P B Bronte)

"Strike me delicate!" cried the prince as he made toward the rum bottle "Quash my peepers if I dont feel both hungry and thirsty cursed dry work this fighting and fleeing and cursing and quarrelling Shiver me Handsome but how does it agree with ye my lads?"

"Agree?" spluttered both in a breath "Noting a nebber agree wi a black feller but a drink and a gobble and a quorra na lance!"

"Quiet my clatter if I have'nt been refused plunder of the city!"

"Nay Sura sura na! not a bit of de plunder?"

"Not a curse Drabbit it if I'll stop a moment longer here—Settle me confounded! if I'll fight for no pay—Harrass my stockings Jack and Boy my lads lets off and buy ourselves free of the storm agathering—our lads can hardly hold their own outside the city and the Guns are sweeping them away by hundreds Blow me tight if I suffer it! Curse me horrid I'm off.! Dash the seven sleepers lets make a morning of it hand round the rum lads and reem the water hot from the kettle into your tumblers—Ruin my Vitals!—I'm off I say—may I be crushed if I'm not—"

As the spoons were throng jingling in the tumblers A Servant entered announcing Lords Jordan and Lofty

"In with em then and out with yourself man!" The long lazy Italian and his more slight and meaner comrade came forward under the portals smiling at

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12 An ink blot has obliterated a word here and also one in the following sentence.

the curious contrast between that cabinet of rarest art and its Ethiopian Occupants but a cloud of intense gloom again settled on their faces as John Julian said.

"Dick and Jerry are both on the move!"

"Victorious!" cried Quash

"Retreating!" answered Macara

"Then I'll retreat too" roared the Moor Boy and Jack rolled their eyes in silence

"And I'm before them all!" said Jordan

Quashia cried

"Confound my soul!"

OH! OH! OH! OH!

[Angria and the Angrians]
IV(b)[1]

Elegant Extracts

The dying effort of distraction
P B B—te

Elrington House was choked within and without by Military and Civil Officers of the Revolutionary Government The Square with every adjoining street was crammed with A populace affrighted gloomy and discontented the cannon were heard thundering over Verdopolis from the Assaulting Van of Zamorna's and Fidena's Army Na[u]ghten had ranged his forces in a sort of belt for a moment protecting the city Simpsons forces were even then streaming through westward Medina's Arabs and Quashias Ashantees and Boys and Jacks Negroes were plundering through the city But their Leaders with Lofty Strafford Fenton and Somerfeild even now at the 12th hour debating with closed doors in the recesses of that mighty palace—Oh what a history has that building known what deep dark desperate plots what awful and momentous Councils what treachery and hatred and Ambition and despair Its great Lord was gone at last no one knows whither His Judas his freind is its momentary master and as such the Master of that City but here let Aspiring Wickedness tremble for all the feinds of Hell were holding holiday in that Mans heart He saw his new grasped power withering like Jonahs Gourd[2] in a night the glory turned to vapour in his grasp and his very life girt with menacing danger

Montmorency was alone retired for a short space from the council to cool his perturbed spirit but really maddening it with draughts of burning Brandy On his open desk lay piles of letters and As he walked hastily yet by fits about the room he kept one grasped in his hand reading now and then to himself at other times muttering half heard curses

That letter ran thus

"In Answer to Mr Montmorencys proposals the Marquis of Ardrah can only say" As the representative of the Allied Southern Courts he has found so little to approve of in his late proceedings that countenance much less Assistance will be incompatible under present circumstances

Given from the Caledonia
Off Rochester Jan 16 1837

H M M Montmorency Esq[r]
Verdopolis

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1 This section of manuscript consists of two leaves at two libraries. The first is leaf one of the manuscript in the Berg Collection catalogued as "Elegant Extracts." The title actually applies only to this leaf.

2 See Jonah, chapter 4.

G—d D—n my soul!" cried the falling Statesman in a furious passion and with accents all most choked in deep execration "Curse me Body and Spirit! But I'm going and no mistake!—Curse them all—Oh wretched cowards had they stuck by me I had dared him to his teeth. Ive turned round Percy and I would annihilate Zamorna. fools all Why I'm distracted ever to trust em—Come let Hector be himself A fig for creation I'll flear em

But oh I'm glad that Ive fettled that long snivelling antique fop I owe him many an ill turn and Ive paid up one score at last he is cleaned out wether I am or not he once said to me 'Mont we understand each other while our fates are equal we'll walk side by side but the moment one of us stumbles the other will jump on and stamp him into the mire

Now what shall I do—I must deliberate instanter it is now is the accepted time now is the day of salvation I must save myself or surrender for does not this very room shake with the thunder of their coming? but I'll sting whom I can and prettily have I done it in granting the privelige of plunder to those D—ls incarnate the Blacks and Arabs—"

Montmorency stood still a little finished his draught of Brandy and with a loud oath Broke forth

"I'm going but I'll leave my mark behind if I fall I'll pile the temple in ruins above us—Down with these Dagon worshippers[3] there shall be universal plunder—He went to the windows and looked out over the mighty sea of buildings looming up the winter noon and hazy atmosphere from the sea—" What a scene for revel and that Square how it swells with the approaching storm—but they are terribly confused to already and by G—d if they are not shouting—hark again.!—whats you—ist my old trade speaking taken from my hand—have at em by my D—nation!—"

Montmorency hurried from the room through the Gallery down the stairs and there encountered a press of Gentlemen with Macara and Strafford making their[4] way toward him while tremendous shouts reechoed from the opened portals below

"What the D—l is there to do now!" said Montmorency

"H—l is to do" replied Macara with unusual animation white in the face and excited with ominous emotion "If we escape with our lives we shall do well—"

"What! They're not in They have not surrounded us?—"

"Oh my God!—gasped Strafford—there is no hope!"

"Ubb-ub bull a boo!" was the Lord President's answer bellowed into the face of the unfortunate Sydney "Drat! do I heed for thee louse!—Mac where are the rest.?"

"Half of them fled the other half consider flight impossible!"

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3 See Judges, chapter 16.

4 This section consists of leaf one of the manuscript in the Brotherton Collection catalogued as "The End of the Angrian Revolution."

"But that shall not be! I say what the H—l is the matter can none of ye answer accursed fools!"

A doubled and trebled shout from without pealed into the innermost parts of the building Lofty had almost fainted and Strafford was sitting gasping on a step Mont whose broad chest dilated with the excitement of the moment and whose voice in speaking could now overcome almost any obstacle of sound first cried "Stand firm ye rascals In the Hall!" and then strode coolly to the grand Drawing room where were all his cheifs and a hundred more companions He came in buttoned up in a voluminous surtout and overalls a white thick hat on his head and a loaded carabine under his Arm Quashia with a drab great coat round his lathy person was furiously abusing ever[yone] Lady Jordan was laughing with demon glee and Epicurean carelessness while over the rest a look of dismay was cast which the President could in no wise account for—

"Its what you expected" he said "And curse you why dont you off while your able.

"Thats just the thing said Fenton—Why The City is up for the Constitutionalists—"

Montmorency was silent for one minute Then he said "nay then I'm gone!"

And awfully as he spoke did a sound around them give a warning it was a wild hoarse yell and a sudden rush and a thundering up the grand stair case and toward their own Saloon Montmorency turned short round struck the door open and sprung forward with all his strength against what opposed him Quashia and Jordan followed abreast and all the rest behind—but it is impossible to delineate the horrid confusion of that scene hundreds of men mechanics sailors and citizens armed and unarmed crushing through the gorgeous Rooms howling and hallooing and shouting "Down with the Demagogues to the Gallows with Hector Hurrah for Fidena or Adrian for ever" the shattered leaders of the storm in a compact stream rushing through the confusion confronting guns pikes and pistols while loud explosions of fire arms clattered in echo from the Dome and men came tumbling among the crowds down stairs The white hat was for a while conspicuous in the hurly but a blow knocked it off and then equally marked shone the broad white furious brow nothing could stand Montmorency and Quashia they made way to the doors dashed into an Arched passage and directly were out into the wide secluded Gardens undisturbed even by a single human being—there for one moment they halted breathless and there as Hector looked round a thrill of sudden feeling shot across his mind—nothing could be seen but the leafless trees the shady Laurels the sober lawns and the vast front of [a] palatial building erect and silent. —though torn within by horrid riot and clamour while here as if from bees in a hive a sullen hoarsened unintermitted sound swelled on the air with indistinguishable cries and a far off deep thundering boom. The assault of the Angrians on the Eastern Suburbs. —But long the two ruined and hunted Rulers could not stop to listen for the avengers of blood were close behind them They hurried over the lawns plunged into the naked thickets out at a lonely Gate which opened into an Avenue leading to the Harbour but

they mistook its direction diverged into a street where a horde of Arabs were sacking and destroying as they fled then from one mean maritime lane to another and at last found themselves in Benin Parade Horses galloping past riderless smoke darkening down on the wind and a stream of Africans hasting along among Baggage waggons and carts of spoil with Jack at their Head and the Endii in the thickest of the throng The

Jan 13. 1837[1]

Sleep Mourner sleep!—I cannot sleep
My weary mind still wanders on
Then silent weep—I cannot weep
For eyes and tears seem turned to stone

Oh might my footsteps find a rest!
Oh might my eyes with tears run oer!
Oh could the World but leave my breast
To lapse in days that are no more!

And if I could in silence mourn
Apart from lying sympathy
And Mans remarks or sighs or scorn
I should be where I wish to be

For nothing nearer Paradise
Ought for a moment to be mine
I've far outlived such real joys
I could not bear so bright a shine

For I've been consecrate to greif
I should not be if that were gone
And all my prospect of releif
On earth, would be—To Greive Alone!

To live in sunshine would be now
To live in Lethe every thought
Of what I have seen and been below
Must first be utterly forgot

And I can not forget the years
Gone by as if they'd never been
Yet if I will remember Tears
Must always dim the dreary scene

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1 The poem originally constituted pp. 29–30 of the notebook described in Vol. II, p. 444, n. 1, but is now the second item in a bound volume wrongly attributed to Emily—see Neufeldt PBB Works II, p. 580, n. 1—and is at the BPM: Bon 146. See the revised version on p. 409.

So theres no choice—However bright
May beam the blaze of July's sun
Twill only yeild another sight
Of scenes and times forever gone

However young and lovely round
Fair forms may meet my cheerless eye
They'll only hover oer the ground
Where fairer forms in darkness lye

And voices tuned to Music's thrill
And laughter light as marriage strain
Will only wake a ghostly chill
As if the buried spoke again

All all is over freind or Lover
Cannot awaken gladdness here
Though sweep the strings their music over
No sound will rouse the stirless air

I am dying away in dull decay
I feel and know the sands are down
And Evenings latest lingering ray
At last from my wild heaven is flown

Not now I speak of things whose forms
Are hid by intervening years
Not now I peirce departed storms
For bygone greifs and dried up tears

I cannot weep as once I wept
Over my Western Beauty's grave
Nor wake the woes that long have slept
By Gambia's towers and trees and wave

I am speaking of a later stroke
A death—the doom of yesterday
I am thinking of my latest shock
A Noble freindship torn away

I feel and say that I am cast
From Hope and peace and power and pride
A withered leaf on Autums blast
A shattered wreck on Oceans tide

Without a voice to speak to me
Save that deep tone which told my doom
And made my dread futurity
Look darker than my vanished gloom

Without companion save the sight
For ever present to my eye
Of that tempestous winter night
That saw my Angel Mary die [unfinished][2]

2 The bracketed comment is Branwell's, and is followed by a map in pencil of South America, with the Amazon and the Andes clearly marked—see Alexander & Sellars, p. 326.

[Angria and the Angrians]
IV(c)[1]

P. B. Bronte
Janʸ 23. 1837

Readers—I think I owe an Apology for the long time for which in spite of your favourable reception of me I have absented myself from your company and neglected my task of amusement and Information But inasmuch as a young man when he rises above the station he before moved in is looked on by his forsaken comrades as one removed from their sympathy and affections and by the new society that he neighbours on as a plebeian intruder into their Aristocratic circles So I since I published my first volumn of the campaign of the Calabar have experienced from my Lofty Associates and patrons repulses and Jealousies and mean efforts to keep down the aspiring plebeian while when I looked for freindship and fellowship from my former companions I only found the shyness of that pride which scorns to hang for promotion on an equals sleeve and the coldness entertained toward a man who had forsaken their company for higher fortune—For my own part I have never forgotten Auld lang Syne any more that I have remembered the petty flatteries and compliments of my new fashioned Janus faced freinds I would have kept hearty and whole with every one I respected either high or low but this was not decreed to be My Patron thought proper first to appropriate to himself all the little praise I could earn from a benignant public My Commander thought it expedient that a farmers Son should not shame by his Advancements the pampered ignorents of Eastern Aristocracy and when I looked for consolation under those slights to you with whom my public character was entruseted I found that you were engaged in greedily devouring long stories of the Dissipations and Drunkenness of the mushroom Henry Hastings! —Well I suppose amid these manifold slights and conspiracies I must henceforward look for applause and favour to a class of people who can have no personal spite against me with whom my rise will never tear away ancient freindships or intrude the attempts of new ones I must appeal for Justice to that impartial class the Unborn the Readers of Posterity! —They will just want a fair and vigourous account of the mighty events around us and if that account is ably given to them they will be sure to praise and befreind the departed writer

Now with respect to the reports about my conduct I must say one word farther. It has been stated that within the last year past I have done nothing but Drink and Gamble and do every thing that is Bad but had I gone on in the course represented I could not by this time write one page of consecutive reason or decency so if I shall perform the task of describing the campaign of the West as well as I did the Campaign of the East I beg that you will think the writer is at

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1 This section consists of leaf one (11.2 x 18.5 cm) of BPM: BS 120.

least as sober and sensible a Man as he was when you honoured and praised him far above his fondest anticipations—No doubt I have done many things since then which I should not have done but recollect that the actions of a Man before the public eye are subjected to a scrutiny as strict as it is illiberal so that a slip which in a private person would be quite unnoticed is the moment he has made it changed into one of the seven deadly sins and sends sends[sic] him at once into complete D—nation! I take my Glass of a night [the] same as another—well I am in a continued and beastly state of intoxication—I bet a nominal guinea on the issue of our topics of daily curiosity—I am an Abandoned Gambler and if sucessful and[sic] Arrant Swindler—I am born at the storming of a town or villiage into the midst of havoc and confusion it is a necessary consequence of my fullfilment of military duty—no matter Henry Hastings is pronounced to be a debauched and reckless Desperado—But I'll give over this talk or else people will say that he who is always complaining is generally found particularly worthy of suffering—!

The Invasion of my Native Country its battles and defeats and ruin and despair the Intrigues and wickednessess of our great party leaders the fluctuation of their fortunes and the Ressurrection of Angria have all been portrayed and laid before you by my late Patron with an Ability which I have no intention of questioning and though throughout all the last years bloody and eventful warfare I have born an active and unresting share I will not attempt to improve by my narration upon works which you have stamp[ed] with such decisive approbation But I am just now plunged into a new and perhaps equally important scene of Civil and Warlike strife which if I shall happen to survive amid its terrible and varying dangers seems to give me a fair and ready chance of retreiving with you by a faithful and energetic description of it some portion of the Esteem which I have forfeited The Entrance of the Angrian Army with its triumphant Leaders into a city whose streets they had not seen for 12 bloody Months of defeat and Danger was an event not to be passed over without more than ordinary Joviality and Rejo[i]cings which of course with men born from defeat and hardship into plenty and prosperity would in not a few cases increase to violent excess Fidena and Zamorna and Warner and the rest of the Rulers were employed day and nights in rearranging the broken affairs of state and preparing for a new and vigourous pursuit of our retreating foes So for two or three days Officers and Soldiers of both Armies had little to do but eat drink and be merry upon the exuviae of the vanished Revolutionists. I cannot say for my own part—and mind that this is to be a personal narrative—that I bothered myself greatly about either the Difficultys of our Dukes position with his trustless freinds waiting to take hold on Verdopolis and his own country laid in such a state of bloody desolation as to require for its regeneration all those powers and all that time which yet must be applied to face and fight an Enraged mass of Enemies even now spreading over the plains of Fala[2] and Cirhala and to watch the snake like movements of

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2 There is a Fala in Scotland near Dalkeith, which is mentioned in Scott's *The*

another host of foes gathering for a spring upon the seas and shores of Parris and Rosseslands—or yet that I calculated upon the strange Estate of Africa falling from power to power disclosing only every change now convulsions upon the ruins of old defeats—I cannot say that I troubled myself about these things but I was just then in Capital Quarters saw dozens of wine finished every Evening and experienced no difficulty in drinking to their memory in new dozens the evening after. Besides all the public Amusements bloomed out at once on our Entrance like a Laplands Summer and Theatres Operas Saloons and Betting Strands were crowded Night and Day with Scarlet Coats and threatning visages of war—True our pay was most mournfully in arrears and neither the Exchequers of Angria or Verdopolis or the North gave any signs of immediate replenishing but so much suffering only added [to] the feeling of Patriotic Marytyrdom[sic] to Ennoble and exalt our endless flow of Life and every moment which other wise would have hung heavy in our hands was thereby absorbed and enlivened with plans and plots to evade or overcome our duns and difficultys So without caring a rush wether to morrow and Our Monarchs word might bring us again the marshalling in arms we determined only to spend the present time in

eating and quaffing
At past labours laughing
Better far by half in
Pleasure than before!

Though with regard to myself a disagreeable incident unfortunatly cut short somewhat of my career of ranting pleasure. Among the countless Duels that sprung from every uncorked bottle during the continuance together of the Angrian and Northern Armies I one night far into the third Dozen had the supreme honour of waking one and before I went to work in order to steady my hand a bit I had turned up so many glasses round the mess table that I could not even recollect my own Second and straightway fell to work. upon him with doubled fists in the dreamlike consciousness that there was somebody to fight with that night though Who It was clean beyond my power to tell. But in the thick of my mistake a message came from Victoria Square requesting my attendance upon the King and "Very Well" was my answer taking that road as well as I could just as if a visit to the Court of Adrian were a matter of most every day occurrence with Captain Henry Hastings of the 19 Royal Infantry—It would be disagreeable to speak any farther of my interview than to say that it was intended to be an occasion of enquiry into my circumstances with some expectation of promotion if I deserved it but my two Greatest Enimies were seated with his Grace and I could not afford to be civil to them so I was walked off in double quick time and awoke next morning to a consciousness of my having made a precious beast of myself in the prescence of those who could either make me or mar me for life—I could have shot myself that day but Gaining knowledge that the King was still if I behaved decently desirous of

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Lay of the Last Minstrel, IV, viii, 7.

taking me by the hand in acknowledgement of my literary Labours in his praise I swore I would not empty another bottle for one while and made intreast to be transferred directly onto the scene of Action—Verdopolis was become a forbidden pleasure to me and my Roaring Comrades of the 19. The D—ls own as it is universally called were turned every time they came across me into literal tempting feinds. But these were to be stirring times and this state could not continue long for one day gave us News from the Freetown Mail packets that Hill and Hardinge were on the move from thence westward to Evesham Next day saw me and my company ranged along Georges Street which was lined from end to end with long files of soldiers drawn forth to welcome in WELLINGTON himself from Freetown and when the carraige had rattled through and the salute had died away it was famed abroad that Mr Warner was just departing for Adrianopolis with full powers from his Master for the Resurrection and Redemption of Our Native Land This was a warning for the Army since now we knew the Great Mogul would be on the move and he must require 30000 servants to run before him Accordingly Next Day there was nothing to be seen or heard but Carts and waggons and tumbrils laden to the skies and escorted by files of Bayonets. all pouring westward—Then the day after though

Minute Book.
of the Haworth Operative Conservative Society.[1]

At a meeting of Inhabitants of Haworth and its vicinity held in the Church Sunday School Rooms at 7 o clock in the evening of Friday January the 27th 1837. P B Brontë in the Chair

I It was resolved

1st That a Society be immediatly formed to be called the Haworth Operative Conservative[2] Society—and the principles of which shall ever be to maintain loyalty to the King attachmant to the connection between church and State respect for the independance and prerogatives of the House of Lords and a proper regard for the Commons House of Parliament[3] wishing that Branch of the Legislature to exercise its constitutional rights and priveleges unfettered and uncontrolled by the clamours of Factions and unawed by the revolutionary demands of the Enemies to the Monarch

II 2d—That Mr Abraham Witham be appointed President of this Society for the ensuing quarter

3dly That Patrick Branwell Brontë be appointed for the ensuing quarter

4thly That Mr Thomas Andrew be appointed Treasurer for the same period of time

5thly That a Committee be chosen to consist for the ensuing quarter of the following persons

William Hartley
William Garnett
John Sutcliffe
John Heaton
Enoch Thomas
John Brown
William Stancliffe

6thly That the Rules and regulations of the Leeds Operative

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1 The first portion of these minutes constitutes pp. 81–82 of BPM: BS 125 (see p. 37), with the pages in reverse, starting from the end of the notebook.

2 The word "hunting" has been added above "Conservative Society" at a later date.

3 Added above the line at a later date: "also everlasting slavery to the working <calass>."

Conservative Society be adopted as the Constitution of the present Association

7thly That 100 copies of the above Rules with 100 copies of the Members declaration cards be immediatly printed and likewise that the Secretary procure 2 Books—one for the Members names and one for[4] a minute book

8thly That the meeting be adjourned to the evening of Monday the 5th of February

P B Bronte
Secretary[5]
Haworth

Monday Feb 12th.
1837

At the adjourned Meeting this day Mr Andrew announced the intention of Joseph Greenwood Esqr Spring Head to present to the Society a Copy of the London Times Newspaper the day after he receives it

The Treasurer also received for the Society a donation of 5s from Mr Greenwood

It was also resolved

That the School Room be open for the admittance of Members every night in the week except Wednesday and Sunday from 7 o clock to 9—and on Tuesday from 1/2 past 6—[6]

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4 The rest of these minutes are on a separate leaf detached from the notebook, at the BPM: BS 146.5

5 A note added to the left: "Adjourned afterward to the 12th"

6 On the verso of the second leaf are 22 lines of verse in pencil, with Branwell's note, "not mine," in ink across them:

The vale is broad, encircl'd round
By hillocks passing green
Behind whose tops a lengthened row
Of silvery peaks is seen
That rising thro' the silent air,
Communion seem to hold
With the blue skies that far above
Their starry robes unfold.
The restless wind, who on his path
No track of footsteps leaves
Hath turn'd aside from that broad lake
Which now no longer heaves
The tall trees droop their tremulous bows

No living sound is near
Save that a voice from yon small stream
Assails the listning ear—
But 'tis the Nymph who evermore
Within these waters dwells
And to the unattentive ear
Her hapless passion tells—
x x x x
What light breaks on the solemn scene
What tumult hours alone

PBB—te[1]
Feb 9 1837

"Well! I will lift up my eyes once more
That Western Heaven to wander oer
Though I had thought them closed for ever—
Had thought that last long look should sever
My Thoughts from all this upper air!
But—Who can still the Spirits care
Or hush the Greifs contending there?

What! Shining still! Oh Thou canst shine
With light and heat unchangeably
Even though descends Thine Orb divine
On this wild world of misery!
Bright Journeyer on a path like mine
Companion of my dark decline
Thus let me welcome Thee!
And Oh behind my native West
While Thou descendest to thy rest,
To that far Land I love the best
Might I but, following, flee!—
My Noble West! My Native Home!
How all my feelings round thee roam
Since not even death can kill
The thoughts which from my Infancy
Have twined thee round my memory
But I can feel thy majesty
And, Dying, I'll Love thee still!

Glorious in Heaven That Sun goes down
Lost in his own unclouded blaze
And glorious is the splendour thrown
Round his declining rays!
Glorious where cheif, his central light
Crowns those dim hills so far away
Till all their summits float from sight
Amid a sunbright Sea!
Though Life with me is waning low
I feel my Heart expanding now

---

1 Originally constituting pp. 31–36 of the notebook described in Neufeldt PBB Works II, p. 444, n. 1, the poem has been dismembered. Leaves one and three are at the BPM, leaf two is divided among the Berg Collection, the PML, and the HRC. The initial portion is in BS 121 at the BPM.

And tears are trembling in my eyes
While gazing on those Glorious Skies
This dreadful Death forgot awhile
These Lips can frame one farewell smile
Alls fleeting and all mingling now
In-to a strange celestial glow
The Summer clouds the Sunlit Trees
The Blackbirds song the Evening breeze
The raptured thoughts that fill my brain
Even this my Bed of fevered pain
All float in wildered maze around me
All confounded All confound me!
Nature I know smiles fresh and fair
And bright the Heavens and still the air
But basking in those dreamlike skies
Afar a sea of glory lies
With all its Isles of Paradise
Revealed before my sight
And kissed by Evenings Westering Blaze
And melting in its golden haze
They wanderi[sic] weakening on my gaze
In strange Unsteady light!
Oh why is such a dreamy feeling
Over my dying spirit stealing?
Is this the dyzzying whirl of death?
Does memory with my parting breath
Yeild up her trust to him?
Oh God Oh God! and must I go?
Is This the Voice that warns me to
Awaken from my dream?
I know not the reality
Which when awake these eyes must see
To look upon for ever
But I do know the thrilling ties
Which bind my spirit to those skies
And which my dying agonies
In vain may strive to sever
I cannot wake! My spirit seems
As if amid unearthly dreams
Its course were born away
From out this Ark of Wretchedness
Oer blighting waves of bitterness
For some green olive branch of peace
A Weary flight to stray
Lost Bird! upon yon stormy sea

I seem to see thee hovering
Where buried Nature's sepulchre
The waste of waves is covering
And thy white wings are glistening there
As thou for rest wert yearning
But there's no hope in that dark air
To sooth thee back returning
Submerged thy Native forests lie
With leafless branches torn
So homeward through that wintery sky
Return Lost Bird Return!"

So that Sweet Sufferer spoke—Her Mind
Seemed passing fast from earth
In forms and fancies undefined
To give its feelings birth
In glimpses of a spirit shore[2]
The strength of eyesight to restore
Which coming Death denied
That while the world was lost to her
Her soul might rove a wanderer
Through visional wonders wide

And strange it is how oft in death
When Reason leaves the brain
What sudden power the fancy hath
To seize the falling rein
It cannot hold a firm controll
But it can guide the parting soul
Half leading and half led
Through dreams whose startling imagery
Hide with their feigned reality
The tossed and fevered bed[3]

It seems as to the bleeding Heart
With dying torments riven
A quickened Life in every part
By fancys force was given
And all those dim disjointed dreams
Wherewith the reeling memory teems

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2 The following portion is in the Berg Collection in a blue linen folding case labeled "TWO MANUSCRIPT POEMS BRANWELL BRONTE."

3 The following portion is at the HRC.

Are but the bright reflection
Flashed upward from a scattered glass
Of Mirror broken on the grass
Which shapeless figures on each peice
Reveals without connection

And is her Mirror broke at last
Who motionless is laid[4]
To await her hour approaching fast
Upon her dying bed
Are her wild dreams of western skies
The shattered wrecks of memories
That glitter through the gloom
Cast oer them in the cold decay
Which signs the sickening soul away
To meet its early tomb

What pleasant Airs upon her face
With freshening coolness play
As they would kiss each transient grace
Before it fades away
And backward rolled each deep red fold
Begirt with tasselled cords of gold
The Open Arch displays
Oer towers and trees that Orb divine
His own unclouded light decline
Before her glistning gaze

On pillows raised her drooping head
Confronts his glorious beam[5]
And all her tresses backward strayed
Look golden in the gleam
But Her wan lips and sunken cheek
And full eyes eloquently speak
Of Sorrows gathering near
Till those dark orbs oerflowing fast
Are shadowed by her hand at last
To hide the streaming tear

Oh say not that her vivid dreams

---

4 The following portion is at the PML in a bound manuscript volume attributed to Emily.

5 The following portion is again at the Berg—see n. 2 above.

Are but the shattered glass
Which but because more broken gleams
More brightly on the grass
Her Spirit is the unfathomed Lake
Whose face the sudden tempests break
To one tormented roar
But as the wild winds sink in peace
All those distorted waves decrease[6]
Till each far down reflection is
As Lifelike as before

She thought when that confusion crossed
Upon her dying mind
Twas sense and soul and memory lost
Though feeling burned behind
But that bright Heaven has touched a chord.
And that wide west has waked a word
Can still the spirits storm
Till all the greifs that brought her here
Each gushing with a bitterer tear
Round her returning sight appear
In more tremendous form[7]

"Land of the West! Thy glorious skies
Their dreamy depths of azure blue
Their sunset Isles of paradise
That float in golden glory through
Those depths of azure oer my sight
This musing moment seem to expand
Revealing all their radiance bright
In Cloud Land Gorgeous Land!
Land of the West—Thine Evening Sun
Brings thousand voiceless thoughts to mind
Of what I've said and seen and done
In years by time long left behind
And forms and faces lost forever
Seem arising round me now
As if to bid farewell forever
Before my spirit go
Oh! how they gush upon my heart
And overflow my eyes

---

6 The following portion is at the HRC.

7 The following portion is at the PML—see n. 4 above.

I must not keep I cannot part
With such wild sympathies
I know it's called a sin and shame
To mourn oer what I mourn[8]
I know twill blacken oer my name
And desecrate my urn
I know that I must soon decay
Without a single tear
My freindships buried with my clay
And love forgotten there
I know that I must meet my God
Before an hour has flown
To seek my sentence from his word
For all the deeds I've done
I know!—But Oh! Thou Western Sky
Take all my thoughts with thee!
And fly my Spirit fleetly fly
Across that Western Sea!
And Raise my head that when the Shade
Of Death comes darkning oer me
The mighty king may find me laid
With my Sweet West before me
Yet still my Heart How wild thou art
That throbbst so anxiously
Where with the whole world though I part
I cannot part with thee
And though the thoughts which ought to stay
Will fastest farthest flee
The thoughts I ought to keep away
The closest cling to me!
And comes the vision back again
Which I should strive to quell
With all its wildly welcome pain
In might Invincible
And I must wake these tears for Him
Whose heart is parted far
The worship of my fevered dream
My Lifes bright.—Western Star!
'And must the dart that shed thy blood
Be consecrate by thee?'
Say—Shall all Lethe's dreary flood
Wash out His memory?

---

8 The following portion is at the BPM: BS 121.

My God has left me—But my Heart
Through life to death is THINE
Nor can Eternal Torments part
Thy Memory from Mine!

P.B.B[1]
March 1st
1837

Alone She paced her ancient Hall
While Night around hung dark and drear
And silent,—even her footsteps fall
Mocked echoless the aching ear
That ever watched but nought could hear
And though the windows arched on high
Alone looked forth the opening where
Their mullions mingled with the sky
In midnights cheerless vacancy
Each lingering moment winged with fear
And filling her with dead unknown
Till scarce she dared to stop alone
Although she felt she could not go
That aimless dread had chilled her so!
And motionless with clasped hands there
Against an unseen pillar leaning
She gave her spirit to the hour
Gazing the unfathomed darkness oer
As if for signs of ghostly meaning
And Oh—one wild wish crossed her brain
Might she but look on future years
She felt she'd courage to sustain
All their array of phantom pain
So it should end her doubts and fears
For fast despair and hope combined
Were bringing all the past to mind
And—whispered Hope—the scene before
Might shew more bright than sorrows oer
And nought can come—chimed in Despair
More darksome that those sorrows were
And thus at every sound her soul
Woke in those eyes that gazed to see
Phantoms amid the gloom unroll
Her future History

There is a time—when earthly aid
Glides from the sinking soul away
Wherein twill desperate call instead
On brain born gods of empty sway
And then unmoored with anchor lost

---

1 This poem, originally constituting pp. 37–41 of the notebook described in Neufeldt PBB Works II, p. 444, n. 1, is at the BPM: BS 122.

Oer years of lifes wide ocean tost
Twill make a land of clouds and find
A Home in phantoms of the mind
And so it was with Her who there
Waited for help from forms of air
She would have smiled in happier years
To think of such a vain releif
But little knew she then how greif
Can move the soul to hopes and fears
Far far away from Reasons road
Wide wandering from the throne of God!

Against the pillar leaned her cheek
Even colder than that marble stone
And fast she felt the tear drops break
From her strained eyes that wandered wide
Reft like her heart of aim or guide
For something they might rest upon
They wandered till they ached and then
Closed heavily with wearied pain
And pressed one hand her burning brow
And one dropped coldly by her side
And gathering fast her voiceless woe
Began to dim all thought beside
Till faded in her deep distress
Even the eerie consciousness
Of where she stood—That lonly room
And midnight hour and phantom gloom
All mingling in a strange decay
All subsiding far away!
It was as if the world to her
Was sinking in a vast profound
With clouds and darkness whirling round
And thunders bursting on her ear
But if her sudden start brought back
Her senses to their former track
Twas lost as soon and wrapt again
She seemed above a dreary main
With tired wing wandering and beneath
The deep unfathomed waves of death
Herself the only living thing
Oer that wide water hovering
And seemed as though she lighted on
A floating form to her unknown
Some wretched relic of the sea

Unnoticed festering to decay
Its uncurled hair with seaweed tangled
Its blaeching cheek by seabirds mangled
And grave worms nesting in the eyes
Turned sightless to the unpitying skies
From whence upon the dreary dream
Came sudden down a single beam
Enough for her—that beam revealed
All that the kinder clouds concealed
The face the form—one moment shewn
All death despoiled—but ALL HIS OWN!
Her Hope her Heaven lay there!—Tis gone
All gone that Lonly Lingering light
Gone—drownded in one unchanging night
Whose deep dead clouds of darkness lie
Around their grim and lowring sky
With bitter blasts whose moaning scream
Aroused her from the dreary dream
And hardly roused her for twas vain
To wake the wearied sense again
And though she knew twas Phantasy
Whose fancied visions mock the eye
She could not combat with it—still
That dreary dream deemed visible
And even her struggles to get free
From such unreal imagery
Her painful chasing from the soul
Thoughts far beyond its lost control
Her frightful doubts lest reasons reign
Was passing from her wildered brain
All but increased the weight of care
And fixed the visions firmer there
Twas dead of night and yet the sun
Seemed strongly struggling through the gloom
Twas that old Hall and yet he shone
On some fair mansion not her own
And in an unremembered room
The antechamber to her tomb
For life around her seemed to swim
Like phantoms in a fever dream
Mingled with wild realities
That struck upon her dizzied eyes
As sudden strikes the racking pain
That wakes the sleeping wretch again
Till half she saw each curtained fold

Gathered above the bed of death
And half the being might behold
That came to stop her fleeting breath
He stood between her and the sun
All things in dizzy whirl save him
A shadowy something dark and dun
Who back to the declining beam
Pointed with warning hand, to shew
That as it sunk, so she must go
Nor hope of respite there—subsided
Evenings beam to night—and glided
Her soul into forgetfulness
Of every pleasure or distress
Till each cold member turned to clay
And each faint feeling passed away
Till fluttered forth her latest breath
And all seemed everlasting death
She slept and not even death could bring
A more unbroken slumbering
No!—not even NOW.—within that grave
Whose marble floor yon Minster aisle
Can she a rest more peacful have
From worldly wrongs and tears and toil!

Oer these cold bones so lowely laid
In that far tomb forgotten now
Be slow thy step and soft thy tread
And long thy lingering look below
There sleeps the soul that knew no sleep
There throbs no more the burning brow
There eyes of greif have ceased to weep
There passions storms are silent now!
Those walls have heard the Guns whose roar
Broke the Enchanters mightiest spell
Those Towers have seen the strife that bore
Down from his throne the Invincible
That Roof has echoed back the knell
Of buried Hopes and pride and power
When burst the storm on Parthas shore
That quenched Rebellions torch in gore
But THEE—not even that Thunders swell
Aroused from darkness! —Though afar
Fell stricken Afric's Morning Star
No—not though thine own Percy fell!
Could that dread voice awake thee—Thou

Slept mouldering on amid the yell
Of thousands trampled neath the foe
Whose sudden shouts of victory won
Left the alone to slumber on![2]

But—whence this dreamy wandering?—Back
Back through vanished years retrace our track.
From darkness into such a gloom
As might befit the darkest tomb!
No—Hours have passed, and as they fly
Time brings his changes ceaslessly
Tis the first dawn of Summer morn
And looms the light oer Alnwicks hill
In one long gleam that seems to stream
Through darkness visible![3]
And hover round this lordly Room
Realities half hid in gloom
That makes them visions—But they[sic] eye
Seeks for one fair reality
Now long a vision!—There she lies!
In silence closed her weary eyes
But nought can hide the loveliness
Of her fair form of youthful grace
Whose soft curls shade the marble cheek
Yet dewy with the undried tear
Whose one fair hand her eyelids hide
And one drops moveless by her side
As still as she no more might wake
To mornings freshning air!

Brightens at last that summer morn
And sudden on its breezes born
Out gushes oer the rustling grove
The Skylarks happy song of love
Like Hopes that soaring up on high
Look brighter near their kindred sky
And next about its fragrant bough
Even close that windows arch below
All round the echoing walls prolong
An answer to the Blackbirds song

---

2 Between this line and the next, Branwell noted in pencil "append this to Harriets death," referring to "At dead of Midnight, drearily," on p. 223.

3 Compare Milton's *Paradise Lost*, I, 63.

Who—when the earliest sounds they hear
Are tones so soft and sweet and clear—
Oh who would think this world a den
Of warring weeping wretched men!—
But soft!—Her Ears have caught the strain
That calls her back to life again

Oh! that it called to hope—her eyes
Like sunshine smiling out through rain
Gaze strangly on that daylight air
Un recognising aught around
For something in that thrilling sound
Awoke her—not pertaining there
Something that spoke of far off skies
And vanished years—a passing glance
Toward a long lost paradise
Cast back across this worlds expanse
Soon hid by clouds and only leaving
For what is past a fruitless greiving!
So her that Blackbirds happy voice
Recalled to thoughts of perished joy
That lightning like before her flew
And lost as soon in darkness too!
She rises—proudly calm and cold
Nay even the shadow of a smile
Bespeaks her out ward looks contouled
All prying gazers to beguile
Scarce marked her bouyant footsteps fall
While passing through that Lordly Hall
Scarce seen the teardrop in her eye
That greets the morn so carelessly

			page
The Vision of Velino[1]	W. H. Warner	Dec[r]. 1833	52 lines
The 137[th] Psalm	A Percy	Spring 1834	45 1
Song. I saw her in the Crowded Hall. Marseilles		June 1834	26 2
The Rover	A Percy	May 1834	62
Augusta	A Percy	Spring 1834	56
Song. Sound the Loud Trumpet	H Hastings	Spring 1834	40
The Angrian Hymn	W H Warner	Spring 1834	36
The Angrian Welcome	H Hastings	Oct[r] 1834	48
Northangerlands Name	H Hastings	Nov[r] 1834	40
Morning	H Hastings	Dec[r] 1834	40
Lines adapted to music	A Percy	— 1834	12
An Hours Musings	A Percy	Nov 1834	29[7]
Thermopylae	Marseilles	Jan 1835	68
Song. Son of Heaven	A Percy	Oct[r] 1835	14
The Doubters Hymn	A Percy	Nov[r]. 1835	24
Song. Thou art gone but I am here	A Percy	Nov 1835	14
Song. Frozen fast is my heart at last.	A Percy	Nov 1835	12

886, lines.

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[1] Branwell's table of contents for a manuscript volume of poems in a notebook with stiff red marbled covers and black binding of 85 pages (4 pp. blank), 19.5 x 24.3 cm, at the BPM: BS 125. The notebook is intact except for the poem on p. 181, and the missing items on p. 219. Begun in March 1837, Branwell continued to make entries through spring 1838. The entries are fair copies, in a clear cursive hand, in contrast to the minute print writing he continued to employ for his prose work. There are pencil corrections throughout, suggesting that Branwell reworked the poems for possible publication.

			carried over....886
Lines on leaving Africa. 1818.	A Percy	Dec^{r} 1835	20
The Spirit of poetry	Marseilles	—1835	36
An Angrian Battle Song	H Hastings	Jan 1835	67.
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2 This is admittedly conjecture. These pages have been removed from the notebook and have disappeared. However nothing else among Branwell's verse totals 143 lines.

3 At the end of the table of contents, Branwell has sketched in profile the head and shoulders of a lawyer or cleric, facing a goose—see Alexander & Sellars, pp. 326–27.

The Vision of Velino[1]

Composed by W. H. Warner on the night of battle
December 3d. 1833.
Corrected March. 9th. 1837.

I see through Heaven with raven wings
A Funeral Angel fly,
The Trumpet in his dusky hands
Wails wild and mournfully.

Beside him on her midnight path
The Moon glides through the sky,
And far beneath her chilly face
The silent waters lie.

Around me—not the accustomed sight
Of Hill and vale I view,
With meadows bathed in cheerless light
And woods in midnight hue:

No! All these Moors around me here
Seem one wide waste of graves,
And round each trench, so dark and drear,
The black earth stands like waves.

These are not common graves of men
With Yew Trees waving by,
Where when their life's short hour is gone
They slumber peacefully.

These seem, as if a torrents force
Had rent its sudden way,
And they the channels of its course,
Towards some tremendous sea.

These are the graves of Armies where;
Together must consume,
Foeman and freind and sword and spear,
Within their bloody tomb.

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1 Unless otherwise indicated, the following poems are part of the manuscript volume begun in 1837. For an earlier version of this poem, see Neufeldt PBB Works I, p. 394.

Oh God! And what shall this betide?
Why does that Angel fly?
Why does that Moon so solemn glide
Across that stormy sky?

Why does my spirit cold and chill,
Though winter roars around,
In visioned wonders linger still
On this mysterious ground?

Behold upon the midnight Heath
A mighty Army lie,
In slumber hushed each Warrior's breath
And closed each eagle eye.

The Moon from heaven upon each face
With saddest lustre shines,
And glitters on the untrampled grass
Between the longdrawn lines.

Are They the Tenants of the Tomb?
And did those trenches yawn
To hide them in eternal gloom
Before to-morrow's dawn?

Avert my God the avenging sword,
And turn thy wrath away;
Or if a battle come with midnight gloom
Let Victory come with day!

P. B. B—te
Transcribed
March 9th 1837. 52 lines

The CXXXVIIth Psalm[1]

Composed by Alexander Percy as word's to his—
Celebrated Motet "The Captivity"
written by P B B— in 1834
Transcribed Mar. 9. 1837.

By the still streams of Babylon
We sat in sorrowing sadness down,
All weeping when we thought upon
Our Zion's holy dome;
There hung our Harps, unheeded now,
From the dark willows bending bough,
Where mourning o'er the waves below
They cast their evening gloom.

There round us stood that Iron Band,
Who tore us from our home;
And in their far off stranger land,
Compelled our feet to roam.
They turned them to our native west,
And laughed with victor tongue;
Now sing—they said in stern behest—
Your Zion's holiest song!—

How can we name Jehovah's name
So far away from Jordans stream!

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
May hand and heart decay
If I forget thy diadem
And sceptre passed away!
If mid my brightest smiles of joy
I do not think of thee,
Or cease one hour my thoughts to employ
On Salem's slavery,
Let this false tongue forget to speak
And this torn heart with anguish break!

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1 The original version has been lost—see Neufeldt PBB Works II, p. 8. For possible sources, see Cowper's *Psalm CXXXVII*—"To Babylon's proud waters brought"—and Byron's "By the Rivers of Babylon We Sat Down and Wept" from *Hebrew Melodies*. I have found no evidence of a motet entitled "The Captivity."

In Zions darkest day,
Rejoiced above her prostrate wall,
Like Lions o'er their prey:
How ruthlessly they shouted then
As dark they gathered round,
"Down with it! Yea Down with it
Even to the very ground!"

Daughter of Babel! worn with woe
And struck with misery,
As thou God's people didst destroy—so[2]
Shall thy destruction be!
And in thine own dark hour of death
When foemen gather round,
Happy be they who on thy stones
Of ruin, take thy little ones
And dash them to the ground!

P. B. B.—te
Transcribed
March 9th 1837. 45 lines

2 The line originally read, "As thou hast served Gods people—so," with the revised version added in pencil.

Song:[1]

I saw her in the crowded Hall
Composed by Marseilles
June 26th 1834
Transcribed and amended Mar. 9th. 1837

I saw Her in the Crowded hall
When plumes were waving there
But mid the mazes of the Ball
Seemed none like her so fair!

I saw the circlet round her brow
The diamonds in her hair
But her hazel eyes with with angel glow
Out shone their borrowed glare!

Yet call her from that glittering crowd
For Fate oer shades her brow
And the neck which sorrow never bowed
Must bend to anguish now!

Oh Loftiest of the Lofty
And fairest of the fair
Must the spectres shade pass oer thee
Must thou shake hands with Care!

Then where in Heaven or where in Earth
Can our eyes find tearless mirth
Alike the man of stormy life
Unwed to battle bloud and strife
Alike that beauteous queen of May
Their perished hopes must mourn
In a single glimpse of gladness gone
Never to return!

Then cease my lyre thy wailing cease
Lingering quivering die in peace!
P. B. B—te
corrected
March 9th 1837. 26 lines

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1 For an earlier version, see Neufeldt PBB Works II, p. 88.

The Rover[1]

Composed by the Earl of—
Northangerland May—1834
Transcribed and corrected March
9th 1837.

Sail fast sail fast my gallant ship Thy Ocean thunders round thee
At Length thourt in thy paradise thy own wide heaven around thee
The morning flashes up in light and strikes its beams before
Where those wide streaks of lustre bright lie like a fairy shore
The day presages storm and strife But what need Percy care
The deck that braved the blast of Heaven can brave the fires of war
The thundering winds are swelling up and whistle through thy shrouds
Though over head in the Iron sky sleep sullenly the clouds
Lo that first blast hath swept the seas and covered them with foam
Yet it shall bear thee oer the deep whereere thou mayest roam
Though the rich but puny Mearchant ship may quiver in this gale
For it toward such a destined prey shall speed thy swelling sail
When Night and tempest gather up to shroud the stormy sky
The timid sheep will look to heaven with an imploring eye
But while they flock with frightened haste and crowd the narrow way
What cares the Lordly Lion then who pounces on his prey
The storm has but his reaper been to gather in his grain
And thus to thee my ship shall be this hoarse resounding main
Oh look beneath those thick black clouds on yon dark line of water
A home returning merchant fleet just gathered for the slaughter
See how their spread sails glimmer white as scudding far before
They steering in unsteady line oerpass the watery roar
Now rouse ye then my Gallant Men rouse up with hearty cheer
Quick clear your deck and crowd your sail and bring your guns to bear
Ha Connor! Gordon!—Steer ye right the winds confuse them now
And as mid the swans an Eagles flight so mid them drive my prow
I stand upon my steady deck around me flies the foam
And my Rover skims before the blast across her ocean home
The Merchant convoy still before with furled or shivered sail
Like helpless geese together crowd and tremble in the gale
Now Light Your Matches!—From that smoke burst up one crash of thunder
Rebellowing from the clouds above and from the surges under
They know that voice they hear my call but dread hath paled each brow
So canvass furl and grapples cast for were upon them now
And fastened by our trusty hooks one proud Galleon lies

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1 For the original version, see Neufeldt PBB Works II, p. 28.

Whose hesitating broadside burst uncertain to the skies
We heed it not and I'm the first upon her shaking deck
While all my band of gallant heart[s] have followed at my back
Now mid the thickning smoke and sleet one mighty tumult reigns
And sparkles flash before our eyes and blood boils through our veins
Men dashed on men in trampled blood strew thick each groaning plank
And all unseen the Sabres clash amid each gory rank
Where am I—? dashed into the hold upon a dying foe
All stir and smoke and shouts above—that writhing wretch below
He dies—I rise and grasp a Rope—am on the deck once more
And Percy's arm and Percy's sword bath[e] all that deck with gore
An hour of tempest passes by the Galleon blazes now
And smoke and slaughter crowd her deck and heap her bending prow
Our swords are grown into out hands our eyes glance fiery light
As faint we stagger oer the wrecks of that impetous fight
Ye have done your work most gallantly that precious merchandise
Convey upon our Rovers deck to be our well earned prize
Then fire the ship and follow me to our own deck again
To chase the coward wanderers across the stormy main
The evening sinks in sullen gloom behind the heaving sea
And sees the Rover oer its waves plough on her gallant way
While far behind across the surge a blaze of blood red light
Drifts on to windward shrouding round the relics of that fight
I see afar the blackened masts stand gainst the flaring flame
While high in heaven the heavy smoke curls oer its blazing frame
Whose fires discharge its cannonry with sullen sounding boom
Till like a blood red moon it sets behind its watery tomb.

P B B—March 10th. 62 lines

Augusta.[1]

written by Alexander Percy in 1812.
At the Philosophers Isle
But by P B B. in Spring 1834

Augusta! Though I'm far away
Across the dark blue sea
Still eve and morn and night and day
Will I remenber thee!

And though I cannot see thee nigh
Or hear thee speak to me
Thy look and voice and memory
Shall not forgotten be

I stand upon this Island shore
A single hour alone
And see the Atlantic swell before
With sullen surging tone

While high in heaven the full Moon glides
Above the breezy deep
Unmoved by waves or winds or tides
That far beneath her sweep

She marches through this midnight air
So silent and divine
With not a wreath of vapour there
To dim her silver shine

For every cloud through ether driven
Has settled far below
And round the u[n]measured skirts of heaven
Their whitened fleeces glow

They join and part and pass away
Beyond the heaving sea
So mutable and restless they
So still and changless she

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1 For the original version, see Neufeldt PBB Works II, p. 137.

Those clouds have melted into air
Those waves have sunk to sleep
But clouds renewed are rising there
And fresh waves crowd the deep

How like the chaos of my soul
Where visions ever rise
And thoughts and passions ceasless roll
And tumult never dies

Each fancy but the formers grave
And germ of that to come
While all are fleeting as the wave
That chafes itself to foam

I said that full Moon glides on high
Howere the world repines
And in its own untroubled sky
Forever smiles and shines

So darkning oer my anxious brow
Thou[gh] thicken cares and pain
Within my Heart Augusta Thou
For ever shalt remain

And Thou art not that wintry moon
With its melancholy ray
But where thou shinest is summer noon
And bright and perfect day

The Moon sinks down as sinks the night
But Thou beamst brightly on
She only shines with borrowed light
But Thine is All Thine Own!

P. B. B—te.

Transcribed March 10th 1837 56 lines

Sound the Loud Trumpet[1]

The National Song of Angria
Composed by H Hastings.
For the Coronation of Adrian Augustus Wellesly
First King of Angria
Spring ——— 1834

Sound the loud Trumpet oer Africs bright sea
Zamorna has triumphed the Angrians are free
Sound that Loud Trump and let the winds waft its story
Sound! for our Day Star hath risen in its glory
Sing! For the Sunbeams have burst forth to brighten
A Reign such as never through age or in clime
The pages of History has deigned to enlighten
Alone in its glory and proud in its prime
Never to darken and never decline
Tempests may threaten and storms may assail us
Friends may forsake us and Fotune may fail us
Yet with Zamorna alone to avail us
Angria Thy full sun unshadowed shall shine!

Sing for the power of our Foemen has flown
Quenched in the Sunbeams that smile round thy Throne
Raise higher and louder your voices to sing
Angria our Country and Adrian our King!
River! whose waves through the wide desart winding
Hurry their floods toward the home of thy pride
Each weary waste of our glory reminding
Rise and spread round thee thy life giving tide!
All ye proud mountains that shadowing afar
Crown your blue brows with the wandering star
Tell you each summit and valley and plain
Adrian has triumphed oer Angria to reign
Tell ye the North with its tempests and snow
Tell ye the South where the oceans gales blow
Tell ye the West where the Suns ever glow
Angria and Arthur are shining again!
Midnight and tempest may darken in vain
Foes may arise and Fate may suprise—
Dust on the mountains and drops in the main!

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1 For earlier versions, see Neufeldt PBB Works II, pp. 8 and 203. For a possible source, see Thomas Moore's, "Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea."

Sing for the Sun has arisen on Creation
Sound ye the Trumpet to herald his dawn
Rise Man and Monarch and City and Nation
Away with your Midnight and hail to your morn
Sound the Loud Trumpet oer land and oer sea
Join Hearts and voices rejoicing to sing
Afric arising hath sworn to be free
And Glory to Angria and God save our King!

Transcribed P B Bronte
March 10th 1837 40 lines

The Angrian Hymn[1]

composed by W H Warner Esq[r] M. P.
on the coronation of Adrian the 1[st]
Spring. 1834.
greatly altered and enlarged by P B B—te
March 11[th]—— 1837

Shine on us God of Angria shine
And round us shed thy light divine
For sailing oer a stormy sea
Through life to death we trust in Thee!

Do thou with thine almighty power
Sheild us in Battles darkest hour
If dying, take our souls to thee
If living, grant us victory!

And Oh should Foemen threaten round
Let not amid our ranks be found
One Traitor Craven who would fly
His countrys Flag of Liberty!

And ever may that Flag remain
As we received it—Free from stain
And never may its watch word shine
In feilds unblessed by beams of thine

Yet may it wave through years afar
Oer glorious feilds of conquering war
To free the world from Errors chain
And bring thy kingdom back again

May future ages thus proclaim
Our noble Adrians deathless name
Look back on what his arm has done
And press with him to conquest on

And may he long as life to him
Shall spare his sun bright diadem
Think on the brow its glories shade
As not for kin but kingdom made

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1 For earlier versions, see Neufeldt PBB Works II, pp. 205 and 650.

Oh let not care that circlet hide
Nor crime nor sorrow stain its pride
And when in Death he lays it down
Give him an Everlasting Crown

And when his subjects meet their doom
following their Monarch to the Tomb
Be theirs an endless paradise
When the Last Trumpet sounds Arise!

P B B—te
Altered and enlarged
March 11th 1837.
—— 36 lines